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A Sleeping Memory

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER V.

The big restaurant was crowded, but Mr. Chadwick, who seemed to have friends everywhere, prevailed upon a waiter whom he called by his Christian name, and patronized in a lordly way, to show them to a table at the far end of the room. Eleanor, to whom had come a brief spell of wonderful lightheartedness, was the life and soul of the little party. The cosmopolitanism of the place, the warmth, the music, and the cheerful hum of conversation, all had an effect upon her. The event of the afternoon, those few words which seemed still to linger in her ears, had touched her imagination. After all, she was very young. These people were doing their best to be kind to her. To let herself go on a momentary wave of enjoyment seemed to her after all a natural thing. With her sudden access of spirits the change in her appearance was wonderful. A faint flush of color brought out the delicate faultlessness of her complexion, her eyes were brilliant, the feverish mirth seemed to send the words dancing from her lips. She took no note of Ada's silence, or of the fact that both young men vied with one another in their attentions to her. She accepted the champagne which Mr. Chadwick had ordered with the air of a prince, wholly unmindful of Ada's barely repressed disapproval. The delight of even these few minutes' respite from the drudgery of a hated life, of feeling the blood once more warm in her veins, was like a spell upon her. After all, it was short-lived enough! When they arose to leave the restaurant and were making their way towards the door, she felt a little touch upon her arm. Mr. Johnson was by her side.

"I say, let's all walk home together," he whispered hurriedly. "Don't go off with Chadwick, will you?"

She was on the point of assenting to a proposition which she herself would have much preferred, when something in his face aroused her to some confused sense of the position. She looked at him in chilling surprise.

"I think it is quite time," she said, "that you made yourself agreeable to Ada. Of course she is expecting you to walk home with her. I shall wait behind for Mr. Chadwick."

"I'm not engaged to her—not properly," he said, in a low, eager tone.

Ada was just in front. Her somewhat dumpy little figure was at its worst in an ill-fitting jacket. She walked with a somewhat mincing and conscious gait, affecting to be busy with her gloves. Between her and the girl at his side, whose natural elegance triumphed over shabby clothes, there could be no manner of comparison. He looked up at her pleadingly. She ignored him altogether. At the door she touched Ada on the shoulder.

"Ada," she said, "will you and Mr. Johnson walk on. I will wait for Mr. Chadwick. He has lost his stick or something."

Henry's look of reproach was wasted upon her. He and Ada moved off together. Mr. Chadwick came out beaming, a big cigar in his mouth and his ill-brushed silk hat set on the back of his head.

"Good business," he exclaimed cheerfully. "I knew Henry's game, so I hung round a bit inside—couldn't find my hat, you know. Two's company—four ain't. What do you think, Miss Surtoes?"

The momentary light-heartedness had passed away. She looked at him in cold disapproval, from her standard of taste a wholly impossible being, vulgar, devoid of all niceness of person, offensively familiar.

"I have no preference," she answered coldly. "Only as Ada is engaged to Mr. Johnson it seemed to me that they might like to be together. There really isn't the least need for you to come out of your way, Mr. Chadwick. I know my way home, and I can keep them in sight."

Mr. Chadwick looked at her in amazement.

"Oh, come on!" he exclaimed facetiously. "That's a bit thick, isn't it? As if you didn't know I've been looking forward all supper-time to this walk with you."

She was silent. Mr. Chadwick, who was not used to underestimate himself and his powers of attraction, decided that the change in her manner was one of those feminine wiles designed to enslave him the more deeply. It was by no means her intention to be taken seriously.

"Don't let's hurry," he said. "It's a beautiful night, and you've got till twelve o'clock. Not overstrict at Bearmain's, are they? That sort of thing don't do nowadays."

They met with a stress of traffic. He attempted to draw her arm through his and was promptly repulsed.

"Please do not attempt anything of that sort again," she exclaimed indignantly. "It is most offensive to me."

Mr. Chadwick stared at her. It was obvious that she was in earnest. She quickened her pace, and he walked by her side in silence. After all, she was scarcely like Ada and the rest. Perhaps his gallantry had been a little premature. Presently he attempted a clumsy apology.

"Sorry I tried to take your arm," he said. "I'd no idea you'd have any objection. I forgot we weren't very well acquainted."

"It's of no consequence," Eleanor answered coldly.

"Haven't offended you in any other way, have I?" he asked. "You seem mighty quiet."

"On the contrary, you have given me a very pleasant evening, for which I thank you," she said.

He coughed. His experience of young women of such aloofness was limited. He began to feel aggrieved. The theatre tickets had been his, and he had paid for the champagne—a prodigality which would seriously affect his meals during the coming week. He was not getting value for his money.

"What about next Thursday?" he asked. "Will you come for a bit of a walk with me?"

"No, thank you," she answered decidedly.

"Why not?" he persisted.

"Because I do not care about that sort of thing at all," she said.

He threw away his cigar viciously.

"You'd go to the theatre fast enough, I suppose," he remarked.

She looked at him with some surprise. His ill-humor was incomprehensible to her.

"I should not go with you," she said calmly.

An ugly expression narrowed his eyes.

"Didn't know I was coming tonight, I suppose?" he remarked.

"I did not," she answered. "Ada asked me to go with Mr. Johnson and herself."

"You are quite sure there's no mistake?" he asked, with clumsy sarcasm. "You are one of Bearmain's girls and not a duchess in disguise."

She vouchsafed him no answer, but turning on her heel crossed the street. He followed, but had hard work to keep up with her.

"I ain't going to be shaken off," he said doggedly. "I can walk as fast as you any day."

She made no remark. He watched her for a moment. The lithesomeness of her walk fascinated him. She possesssed the grace of rapid and effortless movement.

"Look here," he said. "I don't know what I've said or done to offend you, but I apologize. I can't say anything fairer than that, can I? I apologize. You understand! Don't go away like this. I tell you I haven't seen anyone for years who's taken my fancy so much as you have, and it's stupid to quarrel before we know one another."

"I don't want to know you," she said wearily. "I am very much obliged for your kindness this evening, but I wish you'd go away now."

He gave vent to an exclamation which closely resembled a snort.

"Well, that's a nice way to talk," he said sullenly. "I shan't bite anyhow! I suppose there's someone close, eh? Just my luck!"

She made no reply, but still further quickened her pace. Mr. Chadwick remembered that in the textbook of his gallantry was an axiom that women of spirit liked to be treated with spirit. He decided upon bolder measures. He leaned suddenly towards here, and his hand rested for a moment upon her waist: She sprang away with marvelous swiftness and struck the face which had very nearly touched hers with ungloved hand. Mr. Chadwick, who was altogether unprepared for such a vigorous defense, staggered back with a cry of pain. Eleanor caught up her skirts and ran with a speed which rendered pursuit hopeless up the dark street. She was on the doorstep of Bearmain's in a moment or two. Ada and Henry were still standing there.

"What is it?" Ada cried.

Eleanor leaned against the wall, panting.

"That beast of a man," she exclaimed. "Oh let us get in quickly."

Henry, without a word of good-night, left them. Ada watched him anxiously, but Eleanor was unconscious of his going. The door opened and she pushed her way inside, ran up the narrow stairs and into her room. Then she stood quite still and drew a long sigh of relief.

Slowly she drew off her hat and jacket and replaced her wet boots with slippers. Then, though the night was cold, she threw open the window and leaned out. Below in the street two men were quarreling, the hum of traffic still rolled along the Edgeware road. But she took no heed of these things. Her eyes were fixed upon the sky, lurid still with the fire of the awakened city. She drew in crisp breaths of the pure, crispy air. Here was peace for a little time—and afterwards. What manner of death could this be of which he had warned her?

CHAPTER VI.

There followed for Eleanor a succession of dreary days, differing only from those which had gone before in the somewhat altered demeanor of those around her. Johnson, on whose left cheek was a patch of sticking plaster where Chadwick's fist had cut through to the bone, seemed to find endless excuses for hovering around her end of the counter. He offered her many small services, few of which she accepted, and was always nervously anxious that no undue share of work should fall to her lot. A few yards away from her Ada stood, pale and heavy-eyed, neglected all the day by her former admirer who scarcely vouchsafed her a glance. The girls made unkind remarks in Eleanor's hearing. Popular sympathy was with Ada, and it was openly expressed.

Johnson, although he made many attempts, found it hard to see anything of Eleanor alone. One afternoon, however, they came face to face in the passage leading to the tearoom. Instead of avoiding him, she waited. He came hurrying up to her.

"Mr. Johnson," she said, "you are treating Ada very badly."

"Miss Smart is nothing to me," he answered. "I told you before that we were not engaged."

"You were friends, at any rate," she answered. "You spent your Thursday evenings together. You took her out continually. Now without a word of explanation you simply ignore her."

"I cannot help it," he answered simply. "It is your fault."

"My fault!" she repeated indignantly. "What do you mean?"

"I cannot think of her because I cannot think of anybody else but you," he answered. "I know it's presumption. You're different. You're a lady. It's easy to see that. I can't help it, Miss Surtoes; please don't be angry with me. My people are quite well off, and I am only here to learn the business. Will you come out with me tomorrow evening?"

She looked at him with flashing eyes.

"How dare you ask me such a thing," she exclaimed indignantly. "Ada is my friend—the only girl here who has been decent to me. If you say another word of that sort to me I'll never speak to you again."

He looked at her, pale with anxiety.

"I can't help it about Ada," he said. "As long as I live I couldn't care for her now. It's you or nobody, Miss Surtoes."

"Then it will certainly be nobody," Eleanor answered haughtily. "You must be out of your senses."

She swept past him into the tearoom. Ada came and sat by her side.

"You were talking to Henry," she remarked. "Did he say anything about me?"

"He said some very foolish things, dear." Eleanor answered kindly. "Men are like that sometimes, you know, Ada, especially at his age. It will all come right, I am sure."

Ada mopped her eyes.

"I can't tell what's come over him, I'm sure," she said ruefully. "He used to be so sensible. It isn't like him a bit to hang around any one as he does you, and you scarcely civil to him. He must be very fond of you Eleanor. I've seen him stand and watch you—well, he never looked at me like it."

Eleanor laughed.

"If I were you, Ada," she said, "I should not let him see that it troubled me. If he doesn't ask you to go out tomorrow, couldn't you find some one else to take you—just for one evening?"

Ada shook her head pitifully.

"I couldn't do it," she said. "I couldn't go out with any one but Henry. May I ask you something, Eleanor?"

"Of course!"

"Has he asked you to go out with him tomorrow?"

"He said something about it," Eleanor admitted. "Of course, I shouldn't think of going. You know that."

Ada flushed a little.

"The beast! And only last week he declared that there would never be any one else but me that he'd care to take out. Eleanor, I wonder why men are so much more changeable than women?"

"I wonder!"

There was a short silence. Ada was studying her friend's face.

"Eleanor, may I ask you something?"

Eleanor nodded.

"Yes."

"Were you ever engaged?"

Eleanor was silent. A curious hardness had stolen into her face. Yet when she spoke her tone was matter-of-fact enough.

"Yes. I was engaged before I came here," she admitted.

"And were you very fond of him?"

"I suppose so—in a way," Eleanor answered. "I don't think I was very much in love. I was too young. But I felt it terribly when it was broken off. I think that it was my vanity which suffered most."

"Wasn't it your fault, then, that it was broken off?"

"No! It came with the rest of my troubles. I don't think I care to talk about it any more, if you don't mind."

The bell rang, and they hastened back to work. On the way some one handed Eleanor a letter. She glanced at the address, and put it calmly in her pocket. Ada, who was by her side, noticed the thick square envelope and crest.

It was several hours later before she gained the shelter of her room, and had an opportunity of opening it. The contents were brief enough, but to the point:

"131 Hans Crescent Place, London.

"Dear Miss Surtoes,—I think you said that you were generally disengaged on Thursday evenings. I should be very glad if you would dine with me tomorrow evening quietly somewhere, and go to the theatre afterwards. I would either call for you, or, if you prefer it, meet you at the corner of Oxford Street and Bond Street. If I hear nothing from you I shall be there at seven o'clock.—Yours sincerely,

"POWERS FISKE."

She replaced the letter in the envelope, and sat down by the open window. The luxury of a room to herself was only a temporary one. In a week or two at the outside the other little iron bedsteads would be occupied, and these few moments of freedom would be denied her. She told herself that she would make up her mind whether or no to accept this invitation. All the while she knew that she was trifling with herself. Her decision was already arrived at. Only there was so much that was strange in her meeting with this man, so much that was mysterious in his calmly avowed intentions toward her. Ada's earnest warnings she took little account of. She trusted him entirely.

Presently she dragged out from its hiding-place and unlocked a box which she had not opened since her arrival at Bearmain's. She looked it over thoughtfully. The things were a little old-fashioned, but of a different order altogether to anything which she had worn recently. She selected a dress, and fell asleep retrimming a hat.

All the next day she was conscious that Ada was watching her with nervous anxiety. The hours seemed to drag along, the day was surely the longest she had ever known. At last it was over. She hurried to her room, slipped off her dress, and with beating heart began her transformation. When she had finished, and she surveyed herself in the small cracked mirror, she drew a little sigh of relief. It was the old Eleanor who was smiling at her. Of the shop-girl there was no single trace left.

Just as she was ready Ada knocked timidly at the door. She gave one glance at Eleanor, and sinking down upon the bed, burst into tears.

"My dear child!" Eleanor exclaimed, "whatever is the matter?"

"You are going to him!" Ada sobbed. "I knew it!"

Eleanor laughed a little scornfully.

"I am going out to dinner with him, and perhaps to a theatre," she said. "Why on earth shouldn't I?"

"Because you are too good for any man to amuse himself with—especially that one," she answered. "You think I am a fool, I know, Eleanor, but I've been here seven years, and all the girls who have ever been out with gentlemen have—they haven't stayed here. It's begun by going out to dinner, and afterwards none of the young men about here were ever good enough for them. It's always the nicest girls, too, and the prettiest. Don't go, dear. You may have—Henry!—I—I don't care! But—don't go!"

Eleanor laughed softly.

"It's very nice of you to mind so much, dear," she said, sitting by her side for a moment, and taking her hand. 'Now, listen. I am absolutely and perfectly safe, and I am not a silly child to be flattered into doing anything foolish. I want to understand what he meant the other afternoon—you know that I am very miserable here, and if there is any honest means of escape I want to know all about it."

"You're sure you won't take to going out with him regular?" Ada pleaded. "I know I'm foolish, but there was Lyddy Green—she was almost a lady, and such a dear—"

Eleanor broke away.

"I am late already," she said. "I musn't stay another moment. Sit up for me if you like, and I'll tell you all about it when I come home."

She hurried away, and within a few feet of the front door came face to face with Mr. Johnson. He was carefully dressed, and smoking a cigarette, which he threw away directly she appeared. He took off his hat with shaking fingers. He was white and red almost at the same time. He could scarcely stand still for nervousness.

"Good evening, Miss Surtoes!"

She looked at him coldly.

"Good evening, Mr. Johnson. You must excuse my stopping, if you please. I am in a hurry."

"I thought perhaps," he faltered, "that you might come for just a short walk—or some dinner."

She stopped short.

"I have an engagement, Mr. Johnson," she said; "and in any case, I have told you distinctly that I do not desire your company."

"It's because of Ada! I know it is!" he pleaded. "I'll make it all right with her. Let me walk a little way with you."

"No!"

"Just to the corner of the street."

"If you do," she answered, "I shall never speak to you again."

He was suddenly pale. He saw a familiar figure lounging against a pillar-box at the corner of the street.

"You ain't going with Chadwick?" he exclaimed.

She shivered.

"Don't ask me such insulting questions."

Mr. Johnson was immensely relieved. He indicated the waiting figure.

"Well, he's hanging about," he exclaimed gloomily. "I suppose he knew this was our evening."

Eleanor stopped short. Mr. Chadwick was watching them with some hesitation. He wore a large flower in his button-hole, and a black shade over his left eye.

"Mr. Johnson," she said, "could I trouble you to call a hansom for me?"

He sighed.

'It's a pleasure to do anything for you, Miss Surtoes," he said. "You really have an engagement, then?"

"I really have."

Mr. Johnson called a hansom, and handed her in. She leaned over the apron.

"Mr. Johnson," she said, "will you do something to please me?"

"Anything!" he exclaimed vigorously.

"Go back and ask Miss Smart to go for a walk. She has a headache, I know, and it will do her good."

He stifled a sigh.

"If you wish it, Miss Surtoes. But I want you to understand there's nothing serious between Miss Smart and myself. We're friends, no more."

Chadwick walked by, and executed a profound salute. Eleanor looked coolly through him. It was a pleasurable moment for Mr. Johnson. The cab was on the point of starting.

She moved her head towards Mr. Chadwick's black shade.

"Mr. Johnson," she said, "did you do that?"

He looked sheepish for a moment, but her eyes compelled answer.

"Yes, Miss Surtoes."

She flashed a brilliant smile upon him and waved her hand.

"Thank you!" she called out.

To be Continued.

Wireless on Airships.

Cassier's Magazine.

An aeroplanist has many adverse features to contend with, as compared with the pilot of a dirigible, in considering the favorable application of wireless apparatus on his craft. For instance, a drag rope, making contact with the sea, is not a practicalscheme while the weight of the apparatus itself is an additional handicap. As affairs now stand, the aviator has little time to manipulate a wireless set, as every moment must be devoted to operating, steering and balancing his craft. The immediately practical utilization of both types of flying machines seems logically to be for the purpose of scouting in war manoeuvres; but, without the means of communicating with the general of the division or the commander of the fleet, the possibilities of the flying machine as a tactical and strategical instrument would be seriously impaired, while if the apparatus were disabled by a shot fired from one of the new guns devised for the especial purpose before any information had been transmitted the aerial observations would be entirely lost.

WHAT IS DOING IN THE HEAVENS DURING FEBRUARY

An Interesting Month for Observing the Moon—Sketches From Latest Photographs of the Apennines Mountains.

By Prof. Eric Doolittle.

This is a sort of transitional month in reference to the bright planets which may be seen in the early evening sky. The beautiful Saturn, which has been so conspicuous for many months, is rapidly nearing the ground in the west, and Venus will soon take its place in that part of the heavens. Although the latter planet has now well entered the evening sky, it has not yet drawn far enough away from the sun to attract the attention of the observer unless he especially looks for it. Meanwhile the great planet Jupiter is drawing steadily nearer the eastern horizon, but this most interesting world will not actually be seen in the evening heavens until Saturn has disappeared from them.

So that except for the bright Venus, which may be seen low in the west for more than an hour after sunset, there is but one bright planet shining in the heavens. Yet when we see the long train of magnificent winter stars spread out above us, we hardly notice the absence of the nearer worlds. Truly, there is no more striking and beautiful sight than the wonderful collection of distant suns which make up these winter figures. The observer who, from noticing them, is led to explore other parts of the heavens with a telescope, will find that everywhere there are wonderful and interesting objects, whose study will afford him an ever increasing pleasure.

The February Stars.

The reader will have no difficulty in tracing out with the help of Figure 1, the very brilliant groups of stars which fill the heavens in the south. His attention will probably first be attracted by the magnificent blue Dog Star, Sirius, that great, hot sun three times as large as our own sun and which is one of our nearest neighbors among the stars. This is but one star of the interesting constellation of the Larger Dog, which also contains a most beautiful double star at E and a bright star cluster just south of Sirius at B. One of the two suns forming the double is of an orange color and the other is violet. The early Arabs called the little star in this neighborhood the Virgins, while the star at A was the Announcer, because its appearance on the horizon foretold the rising of the greater sun. This star was also called the Little Dog, running in front of Sirius, but this title has for a long time been given to the fainter group of stars below the Twins, of which the great, white, Procyon is the most brilliant.

All of the faint stars between the two Dogs, stretching from Hydra to Orion, make up the very faint, little known group of Monoceros or the Unicorn, a constellation familiar to the Persians and known in early times as the Horse. Many interesting star clusters will be found her while the star at C is a compact triple star described by Herschel as one of the most beautiful sights in the heavens. The star in the Lesser Dog at D is also a beautiful triple, but a much wider one. Other interesting double stars will be found at the point marked H, while at F there is the interested star cluster known as Praesepe, or the Beehive. This little cloud was known in early times as the Manger, and it served in some sense as a weather prophet, for if on a clear night the Praesepe became invisible it was considered as a sure sign of approaching rain.

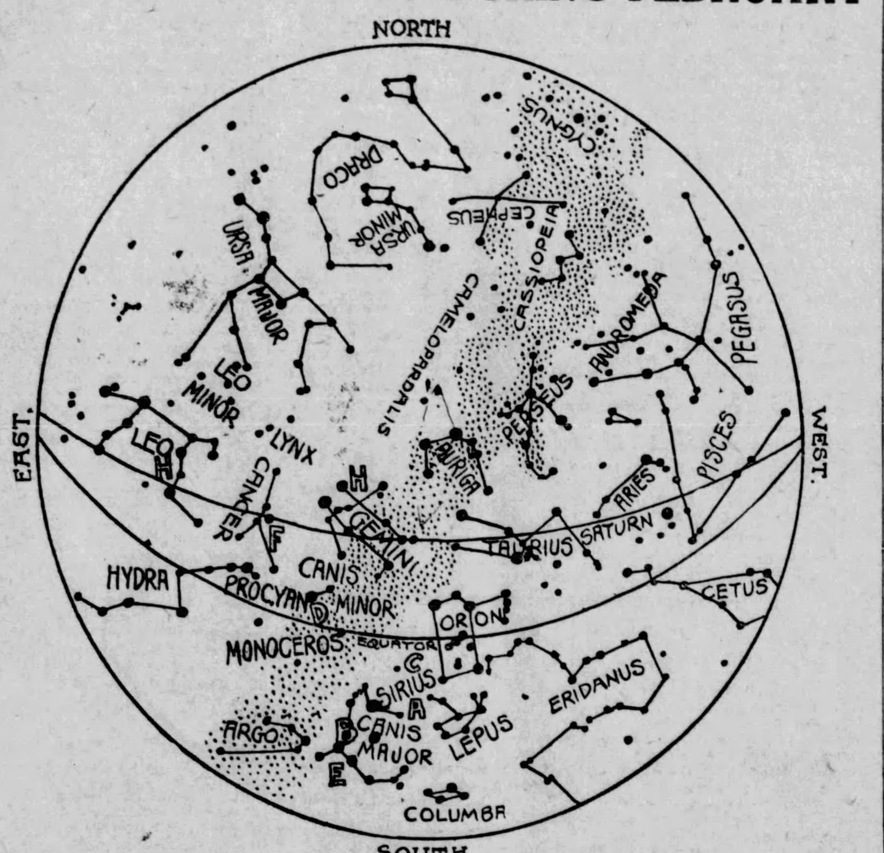

Figure 1—The Constellations at 9 P. M., February 1. (If facing south hold the map upright. If facing east hold East below; if facing west held West below. If facing north hold map inverted.)

Observing the Moon.

In these monthly papers we have not yet spoken of observing the moon, and yet when viewed in a small telescope this is very much the most satisfactory of heavenly bodies. To see it well, however, the telescope must be firmly mounted. Even when using a pair of opera glasses it will be found that everything is seen more clearly if these are attached to the head of a light camera tripod, with heavy rubber bands, and the observer should then sit in a chair below the tripod in a position to conveniently look in the direction desired.

If the observation is made on February 6 or 7, when the moon is about half full the appearance will be very much as shown in Figure 2. The large grayish areas and the extraordinary wilderness of great, overlapping craters near the South Pole will be seen very clearly. The great plains marked A, B, C and D, are named, respectively, the Sea of Crisis, of Serenity, of Tranquility, and of Fecundity. These, though much smoother than the rest of the lunar surface, are by no means so flat as they look in a small telescope. With sufficient power we can see innumerable little craters on their floors and numerous chasms or cracks a mile or two wide, hundreds of miles long, and no man knows how deep. And, beside these there are numerous rifts, looking like the sand rifts heaped up by the winds of the desert of our earth.

Near the east edge of the moon, at E, Figure 2, is the great crater Copernicus. This is more than 50 miles across, and in its center there is a mountain half a mile high, which is topped by six mountain peaks. All around the inside of the crater wall there are steps or terraces showing the levels to which the great sea of molten lava rose at different times.

The wonderfully violent volcanic activity of which every portion of our satllite gives striking evidence, was undoubtedly due to two causes. First, that since this world was so small it cooled off and shrank together much more rapidly than our larger earth, and second, that (also on account of its smaller size), it cannot pull bodies on its surface downward so strongly as our earth would do. Everything on the moon weighs only one-sixth part as much as it would weigh if it were on the earth; an explosion which would hurl rocks and lava five miles away here would, throw them a distance of 30 miles there. And yet there is not the slightest trace of activity remaining. The moon doubtless became solid and absolutely still long ages before the first life appeared on our earth.

Figure 2—The moon as seen in a small telescope.

A Lunar Scene.

A little above the center of the moon, at F, Figure 2, there is a very rough range of mountains known as the Apennines. If we could stand on the summit of these, what a scene of desolation would meet our view! Behind us for hundreds of miles are great masses and hills piled on top of each other to greater and greater heights until the top of the great mountain range itself is reached, which towers four miles high above the almost level plain at its foot. Far away over the plain is a crater 50 miles wide; the hardened lava around its edge is piled up two miles high. This is the crater Archimedes, at H, Figure 1, and near this at K is a very deep crater, from which the material has been hurled out across the plain in great ridges 50 miles in length.

All the craters, and hills and rocks which we would see would have a wonderfully rough and jagged appearance. There is no air or moisture on the moon to wear them away and smooth off their rougness. And for this reason nothing would appear softened by distance as it is on the earth. The most distant craters would stand out as clearly and sharply as if they were only a few feet away.

And everywhere is the most absolute stillness and rest. If we walked we would hear no footsteps, and even if we shouted we would hear nothing. The great plains are probably covered deep with volcanic dust, but each grain rests just where it fell ages ago. From time to time a swiftly flying meteor falls noiselessly from outer space, but we see no other moving thing. It is a world where stillness and silence forever reign.

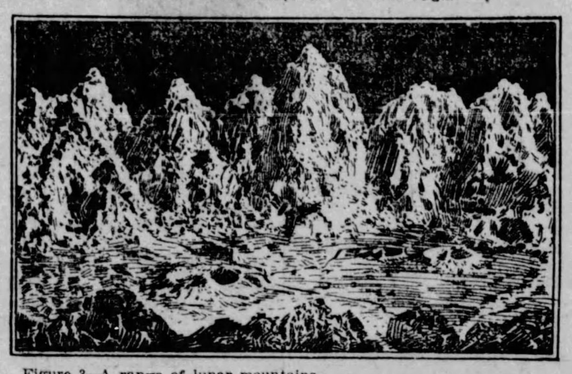

Figure 3—A range of lunar mountains.

Sea Wrack.

The wrack was dark an' shiny where it floated in the sea,
There was no one in the brown boat but only him an' me;
Him to cut the sea wrack, me to mind the boat,
An' not a word between us the hours we were afloat
The wet wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack was strong to sut.

We laid it on the gray rocks to wither in the sun,
An' what should call my lad then, to sail from Cushendum?
With a low moon, a full tide, a swell upon the deep,
Him to sail the old boat, me to fall asleep.
The dry wrack,
The sea wrack,
That wrack was dead so soon.

There's a fire low upon the rocks to burn the wrack to kelp,
There's a boat gone down upon the Moyle, an' sorra one to help!
Him beneath the salt sea, me upon the shore,
By sunlight or moonlight we'll lift the wrack no more.
The dark wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack may drift ashore.

—Moira O'Neill.

MYSTERY OF THE MASTODONS

Siberia's Glaciers and Marshes Disgorging Old Ivory and Eatables.

Harper's Weekly.

Siberia furnishes a large quantity of ivory to the markets of the world, but the production of it belongs to another age and to a species of animal that does not now exist. The ivory is cut from the tusks of mastodons whose skeletons are found frozen in masses of ice or buried in the mud of Siberian rivers and swamps. The northern portion of the country abounds in extensive bogs which are called urmans. In these are found the tusks of the mastodon, from which it is inferred that these animals lost their lives by venturing upon a surface that would not bear their weight. Even to wild animals these urmans are forbidden ground. The nimble reindeer can sometimes cross them safely in the summer time, but most other large animals attempting to do so would be engulfed.

In the museum at Toboisk are numerous specimens of mammoth, and throughout this region they are by no means rare. When an ice pack breaks down a river bank or the summer thaw penetrates more deeply than usual into the ground some of these antediluvian monsters are very likely to be exposed.

In many cases their remains are so fresh and well preserved, with their dark, shaggy hair and under wool of reddish brown, their tufted ears and long, curved tusks, that all the aborigines and even some of the Russian settlers persist in their belief that they are specimens of animals which still live, burrowing underground like moles, and die the instant they are admitted to the light.

The further the traveler goes northward, it is said, the more abundant do these remains become. They are washed up with the tides upon the Arctic shores, and some extensive islands off the coast contain great quantities of fossil ivory and bones.

Tusks which have been long or repeatedly exposed to the air are brittle and unserviceable, but those which have remained buried in the ice retain the qualities of recent ivory and are a valuable article of merchandise. There is a great market for these mammoth tusks at Yakutsk, on the Lena, whence they find their way into the workshops of European Russia and to the ivory carvers of Canton.

How One Wealthy New York Family Evades Its Tax Bill.

An article on the injustices and inequalities of the personal-property tax laws in this country is the subject of Mr. A. J. Nock's article in the December American Magazine. One method by which the rich man evades his legal taxes and leaves the poor man to bear the tax burden alone, Mr. Nock describes as follows:

"Let me tell you a story of a wealthy New York family; one of the many resident-non-resident families whose legal headquarters are in New Jersey, but who are New Yorkers for every purpose but taxation.

"The family consists of three persons, man, wife and mother. They have a magnificent home in New York and under the non-resident law were assessed moderately on their household goods and ornaments.

"The assessment, $10,000, was entered against the man as head of the family. He appeared before the commissioners, swore that he did not own the property, and the assessment lapsed for that year.

"Next year it was entered against all three—man, wife and mother. Each appeared and swore that he (or she), did not own the property, and again the assessment lapsed. When asked who the owner of the property was they, replied, by advice of counsel, that it was the commissioners' business to find out.

"The long and short of it was, that to save the tax-bill of about $170 a year, the three had incorporated themselves as a New Jersey corporation, for the sole purpose of holding those household goods. The property was owned by the family as corporation property, and none of the three was personally liable."

The "Barefooted Gazette."

London Chronicle.

The carrying of firearms by burglars has been deprecated in Bostatska Gazeta, which apparently is the only newspaper to represent the views of the thieving fraternity. The first number of the Barefooted Gazette made its appearance in Moscow on July 1, 1908. At first it was regarded as a comic weekly, and the authorities paid no attention to it; but they soon discovered that it was the official organ of Russian thieves. Every week accounts of the latest burglaries and thefts were given, followed by comments in which mistakes that led to discovery and capture were criticised, and various points of the technique of thieving were discussed. The editor often pointed out the folly of carrying revolvers when pursuing the peaceful profession of burglary, and advised his readers to avoid bloodshed whenever possible. For some time the police were baffled in their attempts to find the publisher of this remarkable journal, but at length they succeeded, and the Gazette ceased to appear.

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CHAPTER IX.

Then Den of the Wolf.

How my heart leaped as I saw that blazon! And then, in an instant, it fell again, for what could three hundred men—yes, or three thousand men—be they brave as Bayard, hope to accomplish against this castle in the air? Roquefort might sit on the battlement and laugh at them. True, they might starve him out in the course of months, if their patience could last so long, but ere that Roquefort would have had his will of me and d'Aurilly of Mademoiselle Valerie. Had they been but an hour earlier!

So I watched them with gloomy face as they drew away from the walls and pitched their camp a little distance down the valley, at the crest of a small hill. Evening was at hand, and the shadows, deepening first at the foot of the valley, stole silently up the hill-sides until all the world below me was wrapped in darkness. Through my window I could see a broad strip of sky, with a galaxy of stars twinkling brightly in it, and I knew that the night was a fair, sweet, clear one. If only Claire and I might wander through it with none but the stars for company!

Soon the fires of the camp gleamed out, first one and then another, and finally many of them. To right and left of the camp beacons were lighted to guard against surprise, and I knew that M. le Comte was preparing for any fortune. In the town too a light shone here and there, and the murmur which floated up from the streets proved that the town-people had not yet done with discussing the advent of this new enemy.

A noise at the door brought me from the window. I heard the bolts thrown back, the door opened, and Drouet appeared on the threshold, bearing a flickering lantern in one hand and a plate of bread and meat and can of water in the other. These he set upon the floor, and with a not unfriendly gesture motioned me to them. In faith, I was hungry enough, and needed no second bidding! Drouet placed his lantern on the floor and sat down opposite me. For a time he watched me in silence, as though enjoying the sight of my hunger, but I knew that he could not keep silence long, for I had already proved his love of gossip.

"I dare say you saw that little show down yonder," he remarked at last. "Cadillac would better have remained at home. Here he can only starve. He will find scant forage in these hills."

"You do not know M. le Comte," I retorted with a confidence I did not feel. "He will smoke you out of this hole yet, and then 'twill be time to say your prayers. Possibly you have already felt his hand and so know its weight."

Drouet smiled somewhat ruefully.

"Possibly," he admitted; "yet if he ventures to assault this place, he nor his men will see Cadillac again."

At the bottom of my heart I believed him, but I held my smile.

"Yet he has his points," he continued after a moment. "He sent a warning to M. le Duc just now, threatening I know not what if the girl and you two youngsters were not surrendered unharmed forthwith. You should have seen M. le Duc's face! He sent back a warm message too. 'Tell your master,' he said to the envoy, 'I propose to change Mademoiselle de Cadillac into Madame d'Aurilly. We will then make such treaty as we see fit to prevent d'Aurilly wearying of his wife. This spy from Marsan is going to bawl his life out on the rack. As for the other, I have not yet decided.' And the envoy went away to deliver this pretty news. One can imagine how Cadillac will receive it! How those two hate each other! France is not wide enough to hold them both."

"And when is this marriage to take place?" I asked, affecting to pass over that portion of the message which concerned myself, though it struck me to the heart.

"Soon," and Drouet winked. "You see, M. d'Aurilly is hungering to possess this pretty piece of womanhood—it seems he is even in love with her! Tomorrow, perhaps, or next day, M. le Duc is a man who never delays, and he has a priest here who is most obliging."

"The king," I cried, "will have something to say to that! There are rumors of strange plots which affect your master. He may go too far!"

But Drouet only laughed.

"Paris is a long way off," he said, "and the king has much that concerns him nearer home. Besides, this castle could set at naught even a king's army, should any be brought against it, which is most unlikely. But in all this rush of events do not despair—you will not be forgotten. M. le Duc himself will wish to see you ere long," and he chuckled to himself as he picked up his lantern and moved towards the door.

For an instant I burned to spring upon him, to pull him down, to kill him with his own poniard. But there was doubtless a sentry in the corridor, who could wing me with a single musket shot—not yet—not yet—and I let him pass. I must first find a plan—a plan. Come, what were my wits for?

I lay down on my pallet in one corner to think it over. But what a problem! To escape from this stronghold in the air, with only one's bare hands to aid! It was too much for even a Marsan's cunning!

A musket-shot far down the hill

Doctors Said He Would Die

A Friend's Advice Saves Life

I wish to speak of the wonderful cure that I have received from your noted Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder cure. Last summer I was taken with severe pains in my back and sides. I could not breathe without difficulty and was nearly wild with the desire to urinate. Was compelled to do so every ten minutes, with passage of pure blood with the urine. I tried all the different doctors from far and near, but they said it was no use to doctor, as I would die anyway. I was at the end of my rope and was so miserable with pain and the thought that I must die that words cannot tell how I felt. One day a friend told me of the wonderful help she had received from Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. She gave me one of your pamphlets, which I read, and determined to try Swamp-Root. After taking half a bottle I felt better. Have now taken ten bottles and am well as I ever was, thanks to Swamp-Root. I wish to tell all suffering people that have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is the best medicine on the market.

All persons doubting this statement can write to me and I will answer them directly.

Yours very truly,
CLYDE F. CAMERER,
Rosalia, Wash.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of July, 1909.
VERNE TOWNE, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

brought me out of my thoughts and to my feet. It was followed by another and another, and as I rushed to my window I fancied I could hear a chorus of yells, as of men fighting hand to hand. The cries rose and fell and died away—then a tremendous explosion shook the earth. Far below me I saw a great spurt of flame shoot upward, and I knew that M. le Comte was blowing in the gates of Marleon. At least, he could make himself master of the town. There was for a few moments a renewal of the fighting, and than all was still again.

I thought the attack over, and was just turning to rest when there came another burst of firing from behind the hill—M. le Comte was trying to force the castle! The firing waxed and waned and died away. I listened in vain for any further outcry. Plainly, he had been repulsed, and seeing how desperate the road was, had not ventured a second assault. Would he ever venture it, I wondered! He loved his daughter, to be sure, yet would it not be the purest folloy to dash himself to pieces against this rock in the attempt to rescue her? What could he hope to accomplish? And whenever Roquefort scented danger could he not threaten reprisals on Mademoiselle herself? Better to draw off, to leave Mademoiselle to such fate as Roquefort had prepared for her, and wait another day, when, by some ruse or sudden ambuscade, Roquefort and d'Aurilly might be made to pay drop for drop!

Weighted with such bitter thoughts, I lay down again upon my pallet and this time dropped asleep. Nor did I waken till some one shook me roughly, and I opened my eyes to see Drouet standing above me and full day peering in at the window.

"God's blood!" he cried, "but you sleep soundly! Here, get up and eat. You will need your strength this day!"

I got to my feet and looked at him.

"And why?" I questioned as carelessly as I could, for there was a menace in his words that startled me.

"Because you are to have a little interview with Mother Brodequin and others of her family."

"Mother Brodequin?" I repeated.

"Yes," and he bent over towards one foot and made a gesture as of tightening a screw. "You understand? 'Tis our pet name for her. She is not lovely to look at, but she has a tight embrace."

I understood, and I found my craving for the food suddenly vanished. I protest I am no coward—but the boot—the rack—I knew not what horrors lay before me. 'Twas enough to chill the courage of any man. Still, I made pretence of eating that Drouet might not see my terror.

"I heard some shots last night," I said at last. "Was there an attack?"

"Hardly that," he laughed. "Cadillac tried to crawl up the road, but was soon glad to scuttle down again. He will not try it a second time unless he is madder than I think him."

"But he gained the town," I said.

"The town, yes. But the town is nothing. M. le Duc never deigns to assist in its defense; its walls are down in a dozen places. That was no victory. He will never take the castle."

I quite agreed, but held my tongue.

"M. le Duc holds the upper hand," he added exultantly. "How he will squeeze Cadillac dry ere he is done with him! But there, I must go. Somehow when I am with you I run to gossip. But then you will talk so little in this world!"

"When is this interview to take place?" I asked.

"Soon," and he laughed. "There are certain preparations to be made, but they will not take long," and, still laughing, he was gone.

I gazed about the cell helplessly. Was there no way out? Must I fall victim to this monster of a Roquefort? To fall in fair fight, in warm blood, in the open day, were nothing—a man could go to death then gladly. But slowly, in a dark cellar, with others looking on exulting—ugh! I felt my nerves quivering at the horror of the thought—and then, with set teeth, I put the weakness from me. Other men—yes, and woman—had gone to the same fate with smiling lips—why not I, a Marsan?

So when Drouet opened the door again he found me looking from my window down upon M. le Comte's camp, and I flatter myself that he was surprised at the calmness of my greeting.

"You will follow me, Monsieur," he said in a tone somewhat repressed. Perhaps even he was beginning to pity me.

"Willingly," I answered, and after him I went, out into the hall, where two sentries fell in behind me, down the stair, across a gloomy interior court to a great stone tower standing somewhat detached, then down another stair. I felt my head grow giddy as we left behind us the good air and the bright sunshine—perhaps I was nevermore to see them, or to see them only from a racked and crooked body. But again I caught my manhood back to me and went down the stair with a step tolerably firm.

A torch was blazing at the foot, lighting partially a dismal passage which seemed to lead into the very bowels of the earth. Down this Drouet turned, and paused, at last, before a door.

"This is the place," he said in a low tone. "Enter," and he opened the door and stood aside.

I noted how thick it was, how heavy—plainly no cry, however shrill and agonized, could pierce it. For an instant the thought came to me to hurl myself upon my guards, to tear them by the throat until they should be forced to kill me—that would be the easier way. Yet—oh, heart of youth!—perhaps beyond the door there were not certain death—there might yet be a chance—and life was sweet!

So I stepped across the threshold and heard the door swing shut behind me.

CHAPTER X.

The Question.

Two torches blazing from brackets in the wall at the farther end threw fantastic shadows along the floor and up against the ceiling. For an instant, as I looked at them, my eyes were dazzled, and then I saw that on a platform below the lights sat Roquefort and by his side d'Aurilly. A dozen men-at-arms stood guard, with something sinister and threatening in their very immobility, and in the corner to one side I caught a glimpse of an array of great, shapeless things, whose uses I did not permit my thoughts to dwell upon.

"This way, sirrah!" called Roquefort, and then sat silent until I stood before him, the torchlight full upon my face. It was then I understood why the torches were so placed—the face of the judge in shadow—the face of the prisoner in full light. How many had stood so and felt those eyes probing deep into their souls! For even from the shadow I could catch the menacing gleam of those serpent's eyes.

"Well, M. de Marsan," he began at last, "it seems that Cadillac could not save you after all, despite your lying."

"Not yet, Monsieur," I answered, still with some show of confidence.

"Not yet!" he cried. "Body of God! Think you there is yet a chance? Three shots, last night, drove him headlong back into the plain. Why, Monsieur, he would be too late were he thundering at the gate this instant!"

I saw d'Aurilly leering down at me, all his malicious joy in his hawk-face, and the sight fired my blood.

"At least," I said, "I shall die an honest man, and neither a spy, a traitor, nor an abductor of women!"

D'Aurilly started from his seat with an oath, and in an instant I should have had my fingers at his throat, but that Roquefort held him back.

"No, no," he laughed. "Restrain yourself, d'Aurilly. That were too swift a way. One blow of a sword and it is over—but the rack is different. I wonder at you, my friend!"

"True!" muttered d'Aurilly, and sank back into his seat with livid face.

"I see you have not yet forgotten that blow of my hand across your mouth, Monsieur," I sneered, resolved to provoke him to the uttermost. Pray Heaven I might yet get my hands on this devil and have a moment in which to settle my account with him! Then almost could I die content.

His hands were trembling on the arms of his chair, but he glared at me without replying.

"Ho, what is this tale, d'Aurilly?" questioned Roquefort. "Do you tell me that this rascal struck you in the face and lives to boast of it? I thought you a man of spirit!"

"He lies!" cried d'Aurilly. "He lies! It was nothing."

I looked at him, smiling. Roquefort, I think, could guess where the truth lay, but he passed it by.

"Come, M. de Marsan," he said more sternly, "we are wasting time, and I have much to do this day. You will remember the reward I promised you should you betray me at Cadillac," and he made a little gesture towards the horrors in the corner. "Well, the reward is ready; but since then I have learned certain things which may perhaps alter matters. In the first place, I learned from the Vicomte d'Aurilly that you carried to your master at Montauban a message which told of my little expedition against Cadillac. This message, it seems, was brought to you at Marsan by some member of my household. In the second place, I learned from Drouet, as you know, that some one in the night had come to your aid, had cut the ropes which bound you to him, and that you were within an ace of escaping."

He paused for a moment. I could guess what was coming.

"D'Aurilly has been good enough to represent me in Cadillac's household, not caring, at first, to trust me to secure for him that black-eyed Valerie, but preferring to rely on his own charms. Well, it appears his charms had no great effect, so, in the end, he was glad to come to me for aid," and Roquefort looked at his companion with just a spark of malice in his eyes. "It was not until he had managed to join my troop in that brush at Cadillac that I learned the truth—that we have a spy and traitor amongst us. I had suspected it before, when my plans had come to naught, but proof was always lacking. Well, Monsieur, I desire the name of that traitor."

On that point, at least, I could answer fully.

"M. Le Duc," I said, "I do not know his name. I do not even know his appearance. I know only that one night a man rode into Marson carrying a message which he gave to my father, who, in turn, entrusted it to me. I saw the man but a moment; it was night, and his face was so well concealed that I caught but a glimpse of it."

Roquefort was glaring down at me, his mouth working.

"Doubtless the person who cut your bonds the other night was also invisible!" he cried. "Or did you, by any chance, see his face, M. de Marson?"

My blood leaped back into my heart. I looked into his eyes horrified—seeing myself at the edge of a precipice.

"Well, Monsieur," said Roquefort after a moment, "I await an answer. Come, your tongue is not so ready."

The sweat broke out across my forehead as I stood there looking at him. I thought bitterly of the hopes that had sat on my saddle-bow as I rode out from Montauban—it seemed hard that they should end like this. But if Fate willed it—what then? Certainly, I had done my best.

"M. le Duc," I answered, with what calmness I could, "I have nothing more to say."

His face turned purple and his eyes became two sparks of fire, miniaturing the torches which blazed behind him, yet his voice was calm.

"Remember my warning, Monsieur," he said. "I am not a man who breaks his word. Either you must be stretched yonder in a moment—or this spy. I swear it! I have suffered to much from him to pass it by. There is no other way—even your Gascon wits cannot devise one."

I looked from him to d'Aurilly and back again. There was no mercy in either countenance—only d'Aurilly exulted openly. And the thought came to me that I might yet save Mademoiselle from the fate that threatened her and win for myself an easy death. There was no time to hesitate.

Perhaps he saw me gather for the spring or read my thoughts in my eyes, for he gave a little cry and started from his chair even as my foot was on the first step of the platform. But I was on him before he could get his poniard out—my fingers clutched at his throat with all the frenzied eagerness of hate—and we crashed backward over the chair together.

I heard a confused shouting, a rush of many feet, but I saw only the working face before me, with its staring eyes, its gaping mouth, with the swollen, quivering tongue within. God! what a lust of blood was on me as I gripped his throat and crushed it! I knew he was fumbling for his dagger—I knew that in an instant a sword-thrust from behind would end it—yet it seemed ages before they were upon me.

"God's blood! Pull him up!" yelled Roquefort, and they jerked me to my feet; but d'Aurilly came with me too, for my fingers were set as death itself would set them.

I felt the others working at them, but my teeth were set—this man was mine! They should not take him from me! But Requefort himself strode up at last, and ran a dagger-point under my fingers, prying them back and cutting them cruelly. Only I did not feel the hurt—my whole soul was in the gaze I bent upon d'Aurilly as he lay huddled there before me—if only he were dead! if only he were dead! Then might I go in peace to my own death!

"Bring Briquet!" called Roquefort, "and quick about it."

In a moment a figure entered from the dark corner.

"Here is work for you," said Roquefort, and pointed to the man on the floor.

The surgeon bent over him for a moment, felt his wrist, and looked into his eyes. Then he stood up again.

"There is work for the grave-digger, not for me, M. le Duc," he said. "You twisted the necklet a shade too tightly."

"Necklet!" repeated Roquefort, strangled by rage. "Body of God! It was yonder scoundrel's fingers!"

Briquet turned and looked at me with a little air of curiosity.

"They must be strong ones," he observed, simply.

But Roquefort's rage had quite mastered him.

"We shall see!" he yelled. "We shall test every muscle of him! Remain here, Briquet—I want the end deferred as long as it may be! To the rack with him!"

I strained to hurl from me the scoundrels who held me to right and left, but they were doubtless accustomed to the work, for they threw me by some trick of wrestling, and seizing me by arm, leg, thigh, and body, bore me into the shadows of the farther corner.

If ever man fought to save himself, I fought then, but I had no chance—I saw it in a moment. First one arm, then the other, was strapped down above my head, and in an instant I felt the straps drawn tight about my ankles. I strained at them till I thought my heart would burst, but they held quite firm. Then, with white fear at my throat, I lay still and waited. I could do no more!

They brought the torches and stuck them into brackets in the wall above me, where they would illumine every line of my face. Roquefort took his place at the foot, whence he could look down into my eyes. Briquet stationed himself beside me and looked at me as one interested in a new experiment. Plainly his heart had been hardened by a hundred such spectacles. And yet, as I stared up at him, I fancied I saw in his eyes a look of encouragement. Where had I seen that face before? Somewhere, surely!

"Is all ready?" asked Roqueort.

The men grunted an assent.

He looked at me again, and read something in my eyes I would not have him see there.

"I think we shall yet learn the name of the spy," he sneered. "I think we shall soon have this scoundrel's soul bare before us! Turn the wheel, men!"

To be Continued.

Gold Spectacles Free

ROLLED GOLD BRIDGE — ABSOLUTELY OF CHARGE

I Mean What I Say

And I positively don't want you to send me a single solitary penny when you answer this announcement. Why? Because I am now introducing a new kind of Spectacle—my wonderful **"Perfect Vision"** Spectacles—the latest and most remarkable eyesight protectors and preservers the world has ever seen.

—These latest **"Perfect Vision"** Spectacles of mine will actually make a blind man see—of course, I don't mean one blind from birth, but blind on account of age.—

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—These latest **"Perfect Vision"** Spectacles of mine will enable you to read the very finest print in your bible, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting just as well as you ever did in your younger days, and at one and the same time they will also be protecting and preserving your eyes and be keeping them from getting weaker while doing it.—

And I therefore want you and every other spectacle-wearer in your county (all my old customers also) to get a handsome ROLLED GOLD pair of these very remarkable and latest **"Perfect Vision"** Spectacles of mine without a single solitary cent of cost; and as a favor—not an obligation, mind you—I will kindly ask you to

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them whenever you have the opportunity.

If you want to do me this favor write me your name and address at once and I will immediately mail you my Free Home Eye Tester and latest ROLLED GOLD Spectacle offer. Address:—

DR. HAUX, Haux Building, ST. LOUIS, MO.

N. B.—The above is the Largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the World and Perfectly Reliable

Waterproofing Concrete.

Cassier's Magazine.

The entire success of cement construction hinges on the question, "Will the completed structure be dry?" There were only two methods of waterproofing that survived the searching investigations of the engineers, architects and builders who attended the show—first, the asphaltic and tar paper or burlap system installed below grade before commencing the concerete work, and second, the treatment of the surface after construction is completed.

The first method is standardized and well understood by the building profession, its only weak point being that as long as the structure is stable, the paper and asphalt will remain unchanged; but should any movement of the building take place, through settlement, the paper becomes torn and cannot be repaired. The water will immediately find its way through the foundations.

The second method is the impregnation of the surface with paraffin wax compound known as the "Caffall process."

Seven Sentence Sermons.

A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.—Marcus Aurelius.

If God writes "opportunity" on one side of open doors, he writes "responsibility" on the other side.—Dr. Gracey.

And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled. —Lowell.

Perfection of character can be achieved only through struggle, through discipline; it is for him that overcometh that the crown of life is reserved.—John Fiske.

Just to make life constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet, and avoid all manner of petty anger—that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.—Edward Howard Griggs.

It is not the deed we do,
Though the deed be never so fair
But the love the dear Lord looketh for
Hidden with lowly care
In the heart of the deed so fair.
—Christina Rossetti.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.—Emerson.

Cured Splint

"I have used Sloan's Liniment on a fine mare for splint and cured her. This makes the third horse I've cured. Have recommended it to my neighbors for thrush and they say it is fine. I find it the best Liniment I ever used. I keep on hand your Sure Colic Cure for myself and neighbors, and I can certainly recommend it for Colic."—S. E. SMITH, McDonough, Ga.

Cured Thrush.

MR. R. W. PARISH, of Bristol, Ind., R. No. 2, writes:—"I have used lots of your Liniment for horses and myself. It is the best Liniment in the world. I cured one of my horses of thrush. Her feet were rotten; the frogs came out; she laid down most of the time. I thought she would die, but I used the Liniment as directed and she never lies down in the daytime now."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

should be in every stable and applied at the first sign of lameness. You don't need to rub, it penetrates.

Will kill a spavin, curb or splint, reduce wind puffs and swollen joints, and is a sure and speedy remedy for fistula, sweeney, founder and thrush.

Price, 50c. and $1.00

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address

Dr. Earl S. Sloan,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers for answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible.

Will some reader of The Blade please tell me how I can get rid of a blight which infests the trunk and branches of my pear trees?—C. Buchanan, Va.

I have a cow that has a swelling under her jaw as large as a goose egg. She seems to suffer a great deal and carries her head very low. At times she keeps her head turned to her left side. The swelling has been opened but it did no good. Will some one give the cause and the remedy and tell whether it is safe to use her milk?—M. Sowers, Va.

Will some reader of the Farmstead please tell me how to raise yellow root?—B., Cameron, Mo.

TO CURE KIDNEY WORMS

S., Pulaski, Ky.—To cure your sow of the disease take a piece of old fashioned indigo the size of a small pea and dissolve it in sweet milk. Give this to the sow in the evening and the next morning. If she is no better then, repeat in the evening. I have used this as a remedy and usually two doses will cure.—V., Mt. Gilead, O.

STRAWBERRIES FROM SEED

I see by your paper that someone wants to experiment in raising strawberries from seed. I have grown them two or three times with fair success. I first select the berries that I want to raise plants from and let them ripen until the seeds get quite brown. I lay them away until they get dry enough to rub the seeds off and then they are ready to plant. First select a clean piece of ground and construct a box around it from four to six inches in height. Place some muslin or other light covering over this to prevent the moisture from evaporating too rapidly. Sow the seed and cover very lightly with soil. It might be best to cover them with pure white sand but I have never tried this on berry plants, although it has proved successful on my seed corn. Sprinkle the bed every day but do not let the ground get too wet. In eight or ten days the plants will begin to come up. The seed should be sowed the latter part of March when the weather gets warm. The plants will be ready to set out the next spring.—S., Niles, Mich.

GOLD FISH

M. Dubois, Pa.,—The trouble with your gold fish does not come from the gas. You probably feed them every day, which should not be done. Cover the bottom of your aquarium with clean sand and gravel. Plant some sea-moss in the sand and fasten down with a heavy nail or bolt, so as to keep it from coming to the surface. I have five gold fish, have had them for a number of years and use nothing but gas both for cooking and lighting. The principal cause of gold fish dying is over-feeding. If your fish are inclined to lie on their sides, give them a three minute swim in a solution of a salt water.—K., Omaha, Neb.

SPAVIN AND TREATMENT

Spavin in nearly all cases begins in the cartilage covering the upper and inner surfaces of the shank bone and the bone above it and the inflammation involves the tissue of the bones and leads to ulceration. In some cases the disease process does not go beyond this, and though the pain and consequent lameness may be acute, yet there may be nothing but increased temperature or pain, on strong pressure upon the part, to lead to the suspicion of disease there. This is what has been designated as occult spavin. In certain cases the bones may become fused together, yet neither the hand nor the eye can detect the change.

Spavin is a chronic disease, and runs its course; therefore, lameness may be present for a considerable time before there is anything perceptible in the condition of the diseased hock, though this lameness is usually slight at first, but it increases as the inflammation becomes more intense and extends, though when ossific union has taken place between the affected bones it generally diminishes, and may almost disappear in course of time. We have seen cases in which the bony humor was quite marked, and yet no lameness could be detected, the hock being moved as freely apparently as if no disease had ever been present.

The symptoms of bone spavin are when the inflammation is going on, of course, lameness, and this lameness is usually in proportion to the amount of exertion undergone. But until the external swelling is observed at the seat of spavin, it is not always easy to say with confidence that such is the cause of lameness, and much will depend upon the skill of the expert in detecting, by the peculiar manner in which the hock is moved. But one peculiarity in the lameness is that in nearly all cases, no matter how crippled the horse may be when first taken out of the stable, this diminishes, and may almost disappear, when he has been at work for some time, though if he is rested for only a short period and made to move again he limps worse than ever. Even when the lameness is slight, turning the horse round toward the sound limb will increase it. Keeping the hock bent or flexed for a short time and then trotting the animal will increase the lameness.

With regard to the treatment of spavin, this is not always satisfactory, so far as a complete cure is concerned. Indeed, when inflammation is once fairly established, experience has demonstrated that the best course to adopt is to hurry on the process, so as to induce ossification of the diseased bones as quickly as possible, as, until this is complete, lameness will not subside. After it is completed many horses go sound. The chief factor in successful treatment is, if possible, insuring absolute rest for the joint; but this is most difficult, and the nearest approach we can make to it is in slinging the animal, as the exertion in getting up and lying down throws much strain on the hocks.

The union between the bones can be promoted by blistering, firing setons and cutting through the membrane covering the bone. These excite renewed or intensified inflammation, which ultimately produces union or fusion of the bones involved. Perhaps the most effective of these methods of treatment is firing, and is the most advantageous if properly carried out. In all cases treatment is tedious and may extend to months, so that the wisest course to adopt to abolish such a troublesome disease is to breed only from those horses which are well formed and have no hereditary predisposition to it, and not expose your horses to such severe exertion as will strain their hocks, before they are fully matured.

COMPOSITION OF EGGS

If the poultry keeper knows the composition of eggs he will better understand how to feed to furnish the proper food elements needed to produce them. Scientists have found, after many analyses, that eggs contain about 50 per cent water, 17 per cent protein and 33 per cent carbohydrates.

There are only about twice as much carbohydrates as protein, while in most grains there are from six to ten times as much. Wheat grain, which is considered very rich in protein, contains more than three times as much carbohydrates as protein. Wheat contains nearly seven times as much and barley eight times. Oil meal, on the other hand, contains nearly as much protein as carbohydrates, gluten meal one and one-third times as much carbohydrates as protein, cotton seed meal twice as much, cow's milk nearly as much, dried blood 52 times as much, meat meal usually 30 times as much.

When it is desired to make a ration of any of the grains for the production of eggs it can be seen that it is necessary to mix feeds which contain a great deal of protein. Thus, if wheat is fed, meat meal should be taken into the ration. If corn is made the bulk of the grain ration, a liberal amount of dried blood should also be fed. Since water makes up a half of the composition of eggs, it is essential that the laying hens have an abundance of clean water at all times of the day.

EGG EATING HENS

The most effective remedy for the egg eating hen is the hatchet and block, says the Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean. When the habit is once acquired it is almost impossible to correct it. Sometimes placing a quantity of red pepper in the egg through a small hole in the end allowing the hen to eat this will overcome the habit, but this will fail in a number of cases. Special nests are another remedy. As soon as the egg is laid it rolls slowly out of reach of the bird.

WORMS IN HOGS

When doctoring the hogs for worms it is best to give each an individual treatment. For a day or so before administering the medicine very little feed should be given them. Then the following as a drench should be given: Spirits of turpentine, one tablespoonful; raw linseed oil, three tablespoonfuls. Repeat the dose each day for three days. The feed should be gradually increased, till at the end of five days the usual amount is fed. If it is difficult to drench the hog, have an assistant to raise it up in a sitting position till it rests upon its hams. As he squeals pour the medicine well back on the tongue through a heavy long-necked bottle. A pint of lye from hardwood ashes in the swill once each day will also destroy worms in hogs.

Hogs should have a liberal amount of hardwood ashes near them at all times. It may seem that they do not eat much of these, but there is enough taken into the stomach and intestines to hold in check the development of worms. It is necessary that the ashes be unleached as it is the lye that destroys the worms.

Took Them for Insects.

Exchange.

Woodrow Wilson said at a recent dinner in Princeton:

"When all the world is well educated, as all the world will be some day, then it will be better for everybody. Some foolish people, though, don't care to see all the world educated. These people want to shine—and to shine, of course, one must have darkness.

"But that is a poor way to look at it. Those ambitious people should rather say, 'the more education, the more appreciation.'

"There's nothing more disagreeable than want of appreciation, you know. A multi-millionaire returned to his native village and erected a marble palace on a hilltop there. One day, after the palace was completed he said to the postmaster and the crowd of loiterers in the general store:

"'Boys, my million-dollar house up on the hill is simply full of Titians.'

The loiterers exchanged looks of surprise and horror, and the postmaster exclaimed:

"Good gracious! ain't there no way of killin' 'em?"

What the Poet Brought.

He came and went that day so quietly
I scarce knew he had come ere he was gone.
But, turning, saw that he had left upon
My hearth a casket with a golden key;
And in the box that he had brought to me
I found a crimson sunset and a dawn,
A cloud, a rainbow and a grassy lawn,
A cloth of moonbeams and a honey bee,
A rose, a ribbon and a lock of hair,
A woman's picture and a signet ring
A silver stream within a woodland wild,
A dewdrop on a lily frail and fair,
The music of a bluebird in the spring—
And best of all, the laughter of a child.
—The Smart Set.

EASY CHANGE

When Coffee Is Doing Harm.

A lady writes from the land of cotton of the results of a four years' use of the food beverage—hot Postum.

"Ever since I can remember we have used coffee three times a day. It had a more or less injurious effect upon us all, and I myself suffered almost death from indigestion and nervousness caused by it.

"I know it was that, because when I would leave it off for a few days I would feel better. But it was hard to give it up, even though I realized how harmful it was to me.

"At last I found a perfectly easy way to make the change. Four years ago I abandoned the coffee habit and began to drink Postum, and I also influenced the rest of the family to do the same, even the children are allowed to drink it freely as they do water. And it has done us all great good.

"I no longer suffer from indigestion, and my nerves are in admirable tone since I began to use Postum. We never use the old coffee any more.

"We appreciate Postum as a delightful and healthful beverage, which not only invigorates but supplies the best of nourishment as well." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

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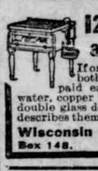

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POINTS OF PROFIT IN DAIRY MAKING

The dairy cow is one of the best money-makers on the farm; but, like hens, she pays only according to "value received." Neglected she is a cost; properly cared for she is a profit. There is no question about the reward for careful management. Those who understand cow nature will not dispute that assertion; in fact, they will indorse it. As one authority once said: "Were we to judge our average dairy farmer by the production of the average dairy cow, and compare them with our more progressive dairymen and the records of their cows, it would be plainly evident that dairy farmers generally require more light and more information regarding the management of cows.

Unless the dairy farmer really knows a good dairy cow when he sees one, he should not attempt to build up a dairy herd. Where capital is sufficient, the best plan is to purchase or breed only pure-bred stock.

In buying a cow the first thing to do is to look well into the breed. This must be governed by various circumstances. For instance, if milk is to be sold for cheese-making, then the Holstein or the Ayrshire would be best. If butter is wanted, then the Jersey or the Guernsey are preferable. If pure-bred stock is out of the question then a herd composed of grades would be best. It is a fact that very often individual grade cows are found that, as far as milking qualities are concerned, are as good as pure breds.

A young animal should be selected; one that is in a good, healthy, thrifty condition. When a cow is healthy there is present always a sort of dew on her nose, and she calmly chews her cud. A nice, fine coat is also noticeable.

Some claim that the age of a cow can be taken from the rings on her horns, but this will not always hold good. The teeth furnish the most reliable test, but this can only be determined by one who is skilled in that respect. In buying, the purchaser often wants a guarantee that the cow is in calf. That is a difficult matter to do, although the seller, in order to make his sale, often gives such a guarantee, but, as a matter of fact, it is not of much account at best.

Next to the proper selection of the stock is to provide suitable stabling. Very often this is one of the weakest points in dairy farms. It is not uncommon to find cow stables that are in a very unsanitary condition. But there is a noticeable improvement in the majority of farms in this respect, especially in cases where milk is sold under sanitary inspection. Light, ventilation and thorough drainage are important in stabling. The building must be strongly built, and be ventilated in such a way as to maintain an even temperature and pure air at all times. The floors should be well laid and tight, to prevent soakage. For this purpose cement is being largely used.

Care Gets Price.

To give profitable returns dairy cows must be well bred, well fed and well managed. No matter how well bred a cow may be, unless she is not in good condition the buyer will not pay a good price for her. It is a rule that well-fed cows are the best milkers, and they produce healthier calves and are more able to withstand disease than cows that receive indifferent care.

Just what should be fed the cow depends largely upon circumstances. The highest results should be aimed at, and these can be had only by careful weighing of the milk morning and evening, and the use of the Babcock test. That tells plainly what the cow is doing, and will point out whether or not the cow is paying her way.

At what season the cows should calve somewhat depends upon the use that is to be made of the milk. If for cheesemaking, then spring would be the best time, as they will give the greatest flow of milk during the cheese season (April to September or October). If for butter, that is carried on the year round, it is best to have the cows freshen in the fall. In the majority of cases autumn is the best time for cows to freshen. They then milk well during the winter, and when pastured their flow increases. Then, too, the largest returns will be secured from fall calving cows, and the calves can be raised during the winter on skim milk and turned out in fine condition in the spring. In this way they secure a good start on the early pasture before flies come. Calves raised in that way are, practically, a year ahead of what they would be were they dropped in the spring. Cows calving in the fall are fed well throughout the winter to keep up their production, and are thus in much better condition in the spring than cows bred to freshen in the spring. Winter is the best season for price can be had than in the summer.

Of course it goes without saying, the milking must be regularly performed, at fixed hours each day. It is wonderful how sensitive cows are on this point of regularity. They look forward to the milking as anxiously as they do to the feeding hour. There must be a strict adherence to the regularity in both milking and feeding. Feed of a nature that is likely to contaminate the milk with undesirable odors should never be fed immediately before or while milking. It is a mistake to milk the cows in the barnyard, especially during warm weather.

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2,000 "	Lettuce	4 " "	4 "
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MEN—WOMEN. Make money around home during spare time, selling Mentholo by leaving with families on trial. Sample free; credit given. Leighton Supply, Allegheny, Pa.

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Learn to write advertisements; you can positively earn $25 to $100 a week. Ask for prospectus free. Page-Davis Co., 13, Page Bldg., Chicago.

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WANTED—Railway mail clerks, city carriers, postoffice, customs, internal revenue employes. Thousands of appointments coming. Average salary about $1,100; no "layoffs." Short hours; annual vacations. Common education sufficient. Political influence not needed. Send your name immediately for schedule showing places of coming examinations. Free coaching. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 32, Rochester, N. Y.

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WANTED Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less SOLDIERS' than 160 acres before HOMESTEADS titled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or children have his rights. I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 438 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

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I can give you reliable personal information relative to opportunities offered by the south. If interested, write W. W. Jones, Toledo, O.

Matthew Arnold and the American Lady.

Matthew Arnold was sitting in his study one morning when the butler showed in an American lady and a small boy. The lady said: "Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Arnold, I have often heard of you. No, don't trouble to speak, sir! I know how valuable your time is!" Then, turning to the boy she said: "This is him, Jenny, the leading critic and poet somewhat fleshier than we had been led to expect!"

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THE CROSS ON FLODDEN FIELD

Misapprehensions Concerning the Famous "King's Stone."

Westminster Gazette.

Although Flodden was fought close upon 400 years ago, it is only during the present week that there has been unveiled a monument erected upon the site approximately of the center of the battlefield, "To the Brave of Both Nations" —Olim Hostes, Nunc Fratres.

Much confusion (writes a correspondent) has arisen heretofore from the presence of the reputed Sybil's Well with its inscription on Flodden Hill among the trees above Blinkbonny, where it had been placed, or rather misplaced, by the late marchioness of Waterford with entire disregard of historical accuracy.

The prevailing misapprehension concerning "King's Stone," another supposititious site memoral consisting of an unhewn column, has probably been perpetuated by if it did not originate in Scott's notes to Marmion, in which it is alleged to mark the spot where James fell. As a matter of fact this was a very ancient tribal gathering or trysting stone transported from some distance either mechanically or by glacial action and is situated about three-quarters of a mile northward from the locality of the final scene of the battle.

The Memorial Cross, which was unveiled by Sir George Douglas, is the outcome of a joint effort by Englishmen and Scotsmen from both sides of the border. The idea of marking the site near where the closing tragedy of the battle took place originated three years ago with the Berwickshire Naturalists' club. With regard to the numbers that took part in Flodden, authorities of the Scottish army assembled in August on the Borough Moor of Edinburgh, is computed to have numbered in all 100,000, the camp of James on the morning of Sept. 9 did not contain probably more than 35,000. But these comprised the flower of the Scots army. The numbers of the two forces which faced one another, though at first largely in favor of the Scots, were probably pretty well equalized after the dramatic disappearance of Home and Huntly's division of 9,000 or 10,000 men shortly after the beginning of the battle.

The arm mostly used by the Scots was a keen and sharp spear 15 feet long. Targets also were carried by them and when the spears failed they fought with "great and sharp swords." Flodden was the last field upon which the bows of yew and cloth-yard shafts were employed by the English.

The Old Parliamentarian.

National Monthly.

"Much depends upon understanding the predictions of your trial court," once remarked the late Judge Williamson, of Pennsylvania.

"Some years ago," said the judge, "I defended a man accused of chicken stealing, before a justice of the peace who had just been installed into office. I was aware that the justice acted as the presiding officer of several lodges and prided himself upon his knowledge of parliamentary law.

"The affidavit having been read, and before a plea had been entered, I asked the court whether motions were in order and he replied that they were. I then called his attention to some trivial defect in the form of the affidavit and formally put this motion:

"'I move you, your honor, that the affidavit be quashed and the defendant discharged.'

"'Is the motion seconded?' asked the court.

"A brother of the accused arose and said: 'I second the motion.'

"'Any remarks?'

The prosecuting attorney arose too dumfounded to speak. Finally he began to storm and bluster. He said I was making a fool out of the court and a farce out of the proceeding, and very unwisely he undertook to tell that old parliamentarian that he didn't seem to understand the nature of motions.

"In reply I said merely, that I would be pleased to rely on the court's well known knowledge and experience in such matters for a just ruling.

"'The motion is in order and properly put,' said the court. 'You have all heard it. All in favor, arise.'

"The defendant, his three brothers, a hired man and myself arose. The court counted us.

"'All opposed arise.'

"The prosecuting attorney, the prosecuting witness and two others arose. The court counted them.

"'Motion carried. Defendant is discharged. Any further business?'"

Low Stage of the Mississippi.

Kansas City Star.

As showing the low stage of the Mississippi river an eastern Missouri paper prints this: "A load of steers was driven from Town Island to Tibbitts Island on dry land in the middle of the Mississippi river at Clarksville Sunday. It was a spectacle that never had been witnessed in the memory of Clarksville residents. A sandbar extends from one island to the other, due to the low stage of the river, and the cattle, owned by Mayor Buchanan, followed this route.

"Persons from Illinois drive half way across on dry sand and are met by the Clarksville ferry, which transports them to the Missouri shore, while north of town there is one place that can be waded from shore to shore."

The Young French Girl.

The Atlantic.

A young French girl enters the theatre with her father. She takes her seat directly in front of the privileged American girls "finishing" their education abroad. Her untouched flower-like face is alight with anticipated pleasure, with a soft vividness of intelligence that could never be cursed with the word "brainy." Her hair is bound with a little old fashioned snood and tiny buckle, a strangely simple evening dress covers the exquisite ardor of her slender body.

Quickly four faces, the faces of the overindulged, the overprecocious, the overathletic and the overdressed, turn to study her. There is something to learn in this little French maid, whose eyes never meet a man's, who is never allowed to walk alone on the street, whose unconscious grace envelops her like a veil, who is sheltered like a delicate bird yet trained to the utmost energy, reserve, accomplishment and usefulness.

Passing of the Maine Coasters.

Boston Transcript.

Of a fleet of 150 sail or coasting vessels owned in Rockland and Rockport in 1900, most of them engaged in the lime carrying trade, not over 50 are now afloat, and most of them are having a very precarious existence. The Rockland-Rockport Lime Co. sounded the knell of the lime fleet by building 10 years ago a half dozen steel barges and an oceangoing tug, and now practically controls the lime business, the few schooners yet in the lime trade being owned by the lime company.

Since 1900 there has been a steady decrease in the Rockland fleet, many being lost at sea, others being sold away, and most of the few now afloat are engaged in carrying lumber during the summer months from Bangor and other eastern points to Boston and New York.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

NEW STATES

H. B., Burkettsville, Ohio: Arizona and New Mexico are not states of the union. Congress has proceeded in their behalf by passing enabling acts. It is now up to these territories to prepare and vote on their constitutions. When this is done the question of statehood goes back to congress for action. If congress acts favorably the territories are declared states of the union. When this is done there will be 48 states in the United States, while at present there are only 46.

POPE PIUS X.

Please give an account of the early life of Pope Pius X.—E. C., Toronto, Ohio.

Pope Pius X., was born at Riese, June 2, 1835. His name was Guiseppe Sarto. He was elected to the papacy by the College of Cardinals on August 4, 1903, after the conclave had been in session five days. He was born in a small Venetian town, of humble peasant family. His father died early in his life and the mother was obliged to support the family of nine children, eight of whom were living at the time their brother was made pope, all in humble circumstances. There were two brothers and seven sisters. When young Sarto became a parish priest his mother was too humble to live with him, but his unmarried sisters resided with him in the patriarchal palace in Venice. Sarto was able to get a very good education because of the interest shown in him by Cardinal Monico, patriarch of Venice. He was ordained priest in 1858 by special dispensation of Pius IX. He was then appointed assistant priest at Tombolo, from which place he was transferred in 1867 to Salsano, as parish priest. His zeal, piety, and well-directed energy led to subsequent appointments to such important ecclesiastical dignities as spiritual director in the seminary, judge of the ecclesiastical tribunal and vicar-general of Treviso. In 1884 he was consecrated bishop of Mantua, in Lombardy, where he remained for nine years. In 1893 Pope Leo XIII. created him cardinal with San Bernardo alle Terme as his titular church, and very shortly after this he was a made patriarch of Venice, whence, nine years later, he was summoned to Rome to elect a successor to the papal throne, made vacant by Leo's death, and was chosen as that successor. Upon Pius X. was bestowed the highest dignity of the Roman Catholic church. He was of the lowliest origin, utterly void of ambition, and his career has been marked only by the sincerest piety and indomitable zeal in the practice of his ecclesiastfcal profession.

PORFIRIO DIAZ

I would like to have a sketch of the life of President Diaz, of Mexico. —A. G. M., Nashville, Mich.

Porfirio Diaz, the Mexian president and general, was born Sept. 15, 1830. He served as a soldier in the war with the United States in 1847, led a battalion against Santa Anna in 1854, and four years later adhered to Juarez and the liberal party. In 1861 he became a deputy, and soon took the field and won a victory over the reactionist, Marquez. During the French invasion he was one of the leaders of the defense, was captured at Puebla in 1863, but escaped, and headed the army of resistance in Oaxaca. Forced to surrender two years later he again escaped and raised new forces. After the withdrawal of the French army he rapidly gained ground against Maximilian's generals, taking Puebla in 1867, and finally entering the city of Mexico. Soon afterward Diaz was a candidate for president, but Juarez was elected. But he kept up a continual opposition to Juarez and his successor, Lerdo, and headed several revolts. In 1876 he finally drove

RHEUMATISM

Backache and Piles.

Bottle FREE

I want you to try at my expense this famous external remedy for Rheumatism, Backache and Piles.

A PAIN-RELIEVING HEALING OIL.

Z. M. O. has made many wonderful cures of these ailments and I am so positive it will greatly benefit you that I am willing to send you a bottle **absolutely free.** If I were not sure Z. M. O. would cure, I could not afford to make this offer.

Z. M. O. is the discovery of Max Zaegel, a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy. Z. M. O. is an external liquid remedy that **gets right down** to the **bone,** through skin and muscles, and drives away the sharp uric acid crystals which get into the nerve centers and cause excruciating pains.

Z. M. O., owing to its penetrating and antiseptic properties, is better than any remedy for Piles. It is guaranteed by me under the Pure Food Law to be free from morphine, opium, cocaine, or other harmful drugs.

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Backache or Piles, or know of a wound that will not heal, send at once for this **free** bottle. There is **no expensive monthly treatment** connected with this offer. I am doing this simply to show you what a great remedy Z. M. O. is. Cut out the coupon below, sign and mail it, or write a letter to M. R. Zaegel & Co., 902 Main Street, Sheboygan, Wis.

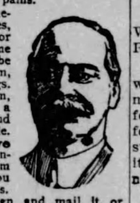
FREE BOTTLE COUPON

M. R. Zaegel & Co., 902 Main Street, Sheboygan, Wis.

As per your offer, please send me prepaid, in plain package, without any obligations, a sample bottle of Z. M. O. absolutely **free.**

Name.....

Address.....



Shall we Rejoice

Gladness comes with a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed and assisted by the pleasant laxative remedy Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

Its beneficial effects are due to the fact that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Didn't Know Fiancee's Name.

Atlanta Constitution.

Ordinary S. B. Wingfield, who has, in his long career as ordinary, had many unusual cases, had another today, when a young man presented himself as an applicant for a marriage license and after giving the ordinary his own name, said that he could not tell the bride's name.

He knew here first name perfectly and tried three times with three names sounding much alike and was uncertain which, if either one, was the right appellation.

He finally asked the ordinary to suspend operations till he could trudge across town a mile or so and find the actual bona fide name of his intended. He came back in two hours with the full name written plainly on a slip of paper and got his papers.

Get this Genuine Alectride Tool Grinder on Free Trial

10 Machines in 1

Hard Enough to Scratch the Diamond

Harman Supply Co., 160 Harrison St., Dept. 4532 Chicago

Please send me free and prepaid book with explaining your free trial offer of your Alectride Tool Grinder.

Name.....

Address.....

No letter necessary merely send this coupon.

Sharpen your tools at my expense. I want to show you that the ancient grindstone is a back number and that the emery wheel is a menace. I want you to try positively free this genuine Alectride Farm Tool Grinder. Alectride is the only true abrasive. It will **not draw the temper from steel;** it will sharpen the dullest tool in from 4 to 5 minutes, when the grindstone would take half an hour. Alectride **never** wears out. It does not glaze over. I want to send a few of these machines out on **Free Trial** in every part of the United States. I want to put one in every locality. I want you to clip off and send the coupon at the upper right hand corner of this announcement and I will mail at once circulars explaining every detail of the offer I am making here.

I Don't Want You to Send Me a Cent of Your Money. I Don't Want Any Promise

I merely want to place this Genuine Alectride Grinder on your farm for a few days. Sharpen your dull axe, your dull scythe, your dull corn knives, your dull cold chisels, or hatchet, or any dull tool you have. See how quickly and how easily it is done. See how Alectride (made of the substance of precious stones) sharpens your tools in from one-fourth to one-twenty-fifth of the time required by a grindstone and does not heat nor draw the temper. Do all this—give this machine the most severe tests—then unless you think that you positively cannot get along without this Alectride Tool Grinder, send it back at our expense. We'll ask no questions. We'll take it back without a word, and we'll pay the transportation charges. Now send the coupon. Let us tell you all about this wonderful abrasive and our free trial offer.

Remember—Alectride is really manufactured precious stones. It is even *harder* than the hardest diamond. Alectride will scratch a diamond and cut glass like a knife cuts an apple. Send the coupon today and get full explanation of our **Great 10 Day Free Trial Offer.** Do this now. Do not delay.

Harman Supply Co., 160 Harrison St., Dept. 4532, Chicago, Ill.

10 MACHINES IN 1

1 One Sickle Grinder Wheel (Improved)
2 One Fine Grinding Wheel (Improved)
3 One Coarse Grinding Wheel (Improved)
4 One Harman Special Oil Stone (Improved)
5 One Saw Gummer (Improved)
6 One Sickle Holding Attachment
7 One Scythe Stone (New)
8 One Harmon Special Razor Hone (New)
9 One Disc Grinding Attachment (New)
10 One Tool Rest

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

Please tell me what you can about the appointment of members to the house of lords of Great Britain.—E. H., Middlefield, O.

Th house of lord is composed of the lords spiritual and the lords temporal. All the peers were not originally entitled to a seat as a matter of right, but only those who were expressly summoned by the king. Every peerage of the United Kingdom which is conferred now, gives the right of a seat in the house of lords. The number is indefinite, and may be increased at the pleasure of the crown, which, however, cannot deprive a peer of the dignity once bestowed. The upper house at present comprises about 580 members. By the act of union with Scotland, 16 representatives of the Scottish peerage are elected by the Scottish nobility for the duration of each parliament, and 23 are elected for life by the peers of Ireland.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

Please give a description of the Shenandoah valley.—G. J., Greensburg, Va.

The Shenandoah valley of Virginia lies between the Shenandoah mountains on the west and the Blue Ridge mountains on the east. It is noted for its beautiful scenery and the variety and beauty of its vegetation. The large forests found here contain chestnut, hickory, oak and other hardwood trees. The valley became famous throughout the world during the civil war, when it was the scene of many encounters. Early in the war the greater part of Stonewall Jackson's campaign took place in the valley, and in 1864 it was the scene of the campaigning of Sheridan, the union general.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Please tell me in what states of the United States and in what foreign countries capital punishment has been abolished.—W. P. P., Baywood, Va.

The states of this country which have abolished capital punishment are Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, Rhode Island and Kansas. Colorado and Iowa have both restored it after brief periods of abolition. The only foreign country which has abolished it is Italy.

HISTORY OF SUPREME COURT

Please give a history of the supreme court of the United States in the columns of the Question Bureau. —F. M., Bartlett, O.

The constitution of 1787 provided for a supreme court, and the judiciary act of 1789 prescribed its times of sessions and its rules of procedure. The first chief justice was John Jay. The court began its sessions in 1790. For about 12 years it had little business. It was John Marshall, chief justice from 1801 to 1835, who made the court a greater power in the government. The influence of his decision greatly strengthened the government. The court continued to be composed of Federalists long after that party went out of power in the legislative and executive branches of government. It consisted at first of the chief justice and five associate justices. A sixth was added in 1807, two more in 1837, and a ninth in 1863. From 1836 to 1864, under Chief Justice Taney, the court was Democratic and more inclined to state rights. In the important Dred Scott case it gave a decision favorable to slavery. During the war the court was made Republican. During the conflict between congress and President Johnson, the former, to prevent him from appointing any judges, enacted laws which reduced the number of associate justices to seven. In 1870 an eighth was added, by reason of which the court reversed its decision in the legal tender cases. Later the number of justices was increased to nine, which is the case at the present time. The court has been throughout its history the most powerful tribunal of the nineteenth century.

RUTH M'ENERY STUART

I would like to have you please give me a short sketch of the life of Ruth McEnery Stuart through the columns of The Blade.—D. P., Barrackville, W. Va.

Ruth McEnery Stuart, the American author, was born in Louisiana, February 28, 1860. She was the daughter of James McEnery. When she was about three years of age she

Quick Action Prescription Cures Colds in a Day

The best and quickest prescription known to medical science for colds and coughs is as follows: "Get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Shake it well. Take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bed time. Smaller doses to children according to age." Be sure to get only the genuine (Globe) Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes in a tin screw-top sealed case. Any druggist has it on hand or will quickly get it from his wholesale house. Any one can mix this at home. There are many cheaper preparations of large quantity but it don't pay to experiment. This treatment is certain cure.

FRED D. WARREN

Please tell for what offense Fred D. Warren, the editor, was imprisoned.—R. L. F., Lockwood, N. Y.

Fred D. Warren, the Socialist editor, was sentenced to a term of imprisonment for offering a reward in printed form for the return to Kentucky of former Governor W. S. Taylor of that state. It was decided that the publicity of the offer did injury to Taylor's name.

THE GOLDEN-ROD

Please give a description of the golden-rod.—J. D. H., Toledo, Ill.

The golden-rod is a genus of plants, containing about 85 species, most of them natives of North America, where their brilliant yellow flowers are very conspicuous in the autumnal months. Two or three species are found in Europe and a few in South America and Mexico. They are perennial, chiefly herbaceous, with simple undivided leaves, and bear numerous small flowers, disposed in spikes or panicles. The dried leaves of the sweet-scented or anise-scented golden-rod have been used as a substitute for tea. This plant yields an aromatic oil with tonic properties. In Europe the different species are cultivated in gardens for ornament. The Alpine golden-rod is found on the summits of mountains in Maine, New Hampshire and northern New York, and also in Europe. The sea-side or salt-marsh golden-rod is an especially showy species; and the yellow-weed sometimes attains a height of eight feet. Some species found in New Zealand and St. Helena attain to the dimensions of trees.

THE BLADE ART CALENDAR FOR 1911

We have secured a limited number of these handsome calendars and will give readers of The Blade an opportunity to obtain one.

The calendar consists of two parts, each 10x15 inches. The first subject is entitled "The Little Musicians," the second, "Split Milk."

The calendar for the year 1911 is on the back, thus allowing the two pictures to be framed if so desired.

This handsome calendar will be given to any reader of the Weekly Blade on receipt of 6 cents in stamps to pay postage and cost of mailing.

As our supply is limited it will be necessary to send your order at once.

THE WEEKLY BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

A Fear Dispelled.

The Parson—"And so, Donald, it's been touch and go with you this time. Ten stories is a long way to fall. I suppose thoughts of your past life passed hurriedly through your mind?"

Donald (the local window cleaner)—"Well, sir, I was a bit worried till I got the length of the fifth story, and then I minded that I'd left my pipe on the window sill. It was a weight off my mind, sir."

The Brown Creeper.

On one occasion the Field museum in Chicago became infested with a large number of obnoxious spiders. They festooned the ceiling and great columns of the building with yards of their shuttle work. Scrub women and janitors tried in vain to rid the building of the pests and their work. Finally a small bird known as the brown creeper discovered the state of things, and decided to take up his abode inside and assist the authorities in ridding the building of the pests.

For several days the bird flitted about very much as he pleased, wagging up and down column after column, and probing his bill into every crevice, and he actually carried on a very effective work.

One morning, however, as an official of the museum was passing an attendant remarked to him that it looked very much to him as if the bird was done for, and a subject for the museum's collection. Glancing in the direction indicated by the attendant, the official saw that the bird lay panting on its side at the bottom of one of the columns.

"See if you can catch me a fly," said the scientist to the attendant, as he took the bird into his hands. The fly being soon forthcoming, it was held on the point of a pin to the bird's beak, and to the surprise of both men the creeper bit at it voraciously. That didn't look as if the little fellow was about to die. The scientist was much perplexed. "I wonder what's the matter with him?" he said.

Then, turning the bird over in his hand, he found it had been entrapped in a large spider's web which had bound the wing and tail together in such a manner as to preclude flying. It looked as if some wise old spider had resented the bird's work of extermination and had purposely ensnared him in a trap.

Telegraph and Telephone Poles.

The census bureau reports that in 1909 the telegraph and telephone companies, electric light and power companies and steam and electric railways spent over $7,000,000 for the purchase of poles.

The number of poles bought was 3,739,000. Of these 78 per cent were bought by telephone and telegraph companies. Nearly one-sixth of these poles were subjected to chemical preservative treatment. The number of poles purchased in the previous year was 3,249,000 and of these only one-tenth were chemically treated. By far the greater number of poles in 1909, as heretofore, were of cedar, the number being 2,440,000, while chestnut was the second in the list with 608,000,

went with her parents to New Orleans where she studied in the public and private schools of that city. In 1879 she was married to Alfred O. Stuart, of Arkansas, an operator of extensive cotton plantations throughout that state. After his death in 1883 she made her home with relatives in or near New Orleans for several years, and in 1891 settled in New York city, where she still resides. In 1888 her first story was printed in the Princeton Review, after which she gave close attention to literary pursuits, attaining considerable prominence as a writer of dialect sketches. The charm of Mrs. Stuart's work lies in her peculiar talent for combining humor and pathos in such a way as to add to the beauty of both.

GENERAL MANSFIELD

I would like to have you publish a brief biography of General Joseph Mansfield.—I. M., Noro Springs, Ia.

Joseph King Fenno Mansfield, the American soldier, was born in New Haven, Conn., December 22, 1803, and died near Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 18, 1862. He graduated from West Point in 1822 and entered the engineering service under the government. At the opening of the Mexican war he was made chief engineer under General Taylor. He took an active part in some of the most important engagements, receiving promotion to the rank of colonel in recognition of his services. In 1853 he was appointed inspector general of the United States army and served in that capacity until 1861, when he was made brigadier general and given command of the department of Washington, which he fortified. Mansfield afterwards commanded several posts, finally being made major general. He was in command of a division of the Army of the Potomac at Antietam and while leading his troops fell fatally wounded.

MISCELLANEOUS

A. A. G., Reliance, Va.—Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for the information you desire.

O. B. B., Sistersville, W. Va.—The names of the members of the President's cabinet were published in The Blade of December 15.

C. M. W., Whitesburg, Tenn.—There is a government excise tax on tobacco, liquors, cigars, etc. No part of any tax imposed by the state goes into the national treasury.

95 cents PostPaid

$15.00 for 95 Cents

Send this advertisement to us with your name and address and 95 cents and we will send to you by return mail, postpaid this elegant Watch and Guarantee Bond. Cut this out for 95 cents. Watch is regular gentlemen's size, open face, full nickel silver plate, dust proof case, genuine American movement lever escapement, stem wind and set. A perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed. Certificates are worth one dollar each when used as part payment for mdse. purchased from our customers. This offer is made to introduce our great catalogue of Elgin and Dueber-Hampden watches, and only one watch and certificates will be sold at each person ordering at this price. Send 95 cents today as this advertisement may not appear again. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL.

Send us your name and address. We will send you postpaid a Vulcan Razor. Shave with it for 30 days. If at the end of that time you're satisfied that it's the best razor you ever put to your face send us $1.75. If not, just send back the razor and there will be no charge. But you can't help liking this fine English crucible steel, oven tempered and bevel edge razor because it's made right—tempered right—ground right—sold right. State whether you want round or square point; wide, medium or narrow blade; whether your beard is stiff, medium or soft and how often you shave. Isn't it worth writing to find a razor that just suits your beard? Complete Cutlery Catalog Sent Free.

U. S. CUTLERY CO. Dept. 91 B St. Louis, Mo.

Taken Literally.

Philadelphia Times.

A negro servant in a fashionable West Philadelphia home suffers greatly with indigestion. Recently her mistress insisted that the family doctor be called to prescribe for her. The physician advised a dessertspoonful of a certain powder, which he provided to be taken after each meal.

Next day Dr. —— was called on the telephone.

"Say, Mistah Doctah," said a voice, "I'se done lost my dessert-spoon an' there sho' ain't annoder in de house. What am I gwine to do, please?"

"Oh, take a little on a half dollar," answered the doctor and he hung up the receiver.

The physician was called hurriedl that night to the residence of his patient. He found the darkey rocking to and fro in a chair, abject despair depicted on ther face. "Fo' de Lawd, doctah," she wailed, couldn't find a half dollar and done took a whole one wiv mah medicin'. Now dat misery keeps on gettin' wusser and wusser, and, what am wusser yet, dat dollar wahn't mah dollar, nohow."

Kentucky Mountain Wedding.

Louisa News.

They stood on the bridge, but it was not midnight. It was 'long about 9 a. m. Tuesday, somewhere near the tollhouse, and the Rev. S. F. Reynolds held them up with a license. He asked the young man (21) a few questions and then he propounded similar interrogations to the young lady.

Receiving satisfactory answers the reverend gentleman told them they were man and wife and to go in peace and not let it happen again. They said they'd try to and left for Fort Gay happy. They were two very nice people, both teachers. The bride was Miss Alice Frazier, of Spruce Lick—she looked spruce, —and the bridegroom was Youla Lycan, son of Wayne Lycan, of near Fort Gay.

Midwinter Vipers.

Westminster Gazette.

The singular mildness of the last month was strikingly illustrated in the killing of a large viper at Christmas on a Dartmoor farm, a thousand feet above the sea, by a lady.

As a general rule vipers hibernate during the winter months, and small colonies are occasionally found in a torpid condition twined together for the sake of warmth. The reptile who met his Christmas death on Dartmoor was copper colored, and some naturalists contend that there is more than one variety of British viper, a reddish kind being peculiarly venomous. But vipers vary greatly in color, though they can always be distinguished from other snakes by the shape and markings of the head and by the dark zigzag stripe running down the middle of the back.

$18 TO $30

A WEEK SURE SELLING EVER-READY TOOL KIT

DOUBLE THAT, IF YOU'RE A HUSTLER.

Here agents is the biggest winner yet. Broken all records. Weaver, (Farmer) made $1,500 last year. Only worked odd times. Just think of the convenience. Ten tools in one. Hatchet, Hammer, Screw Driver, Wrench, Pipe Tongs, Nail Puller, Wire Cutter, Pinchers, etc. Requires no effort. Just show and take money. W. Whipple, Tex., sold 28 in 8 hours, profit $19.00. Jas. Evans, Ill., (Lawyer) sold 38 in 4 hours, profit $26.00. Johnson, Mo., wrote: "No canvasser but can sell hundreds around these parts. Send 'em on, money order enclosed." Think how handy. Every home, store, shop, factory all need it—all buy. No scattered tools. No hunting fights cans. Nothing like it. Field unlimited; rewards great; dozens getting rich. A. Hoson, O., sold 21 first day. Frank Clayton, Mich. says: "Hatchet all you claimed. Neighbors all clamoring. Took 24 orders one day." Made of forged Steel. Not sold in stores. Free Sample to Workers. Unparalleled chance for ambitious men to get rich. Why not go to work supplying demand, appointing agents, collecting. Get this easy money. Yours for the asking. We'll help you make big success. Only act now—send no money—just a card.

FOOTE MFG. CO., Dept 484 F DAYTON, OHIO

BRACELET AND RING FREE

We positively give free a fine Adjustable Bracelet and Ring, guaranteed 5 years, also a beautiful Stone Set Ring for selling 20 packs high-grade art post cards at 10c a box; order 20 packs and when sold send us $2. and we will positively send you Bracelet and Ring. WE CO., Dept. B 51, CHICAGO

WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE

GENUINE WINDSOR GET FOR SELLING POST CARDS

A positively RELIABLE TIMEKEEPER, STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch. American made, guaranteed 5 years and a beautiful Ring to match, set with an Im. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2. and we will send you your Watch, Ring and Chain. WILLARD WATCH CO., Dept. 258 CHICAGO

6 LOVELY EASTER POSTCARDS 2c

These beautifully colored, gold embossed postcards given for 2c stamp, to introduce our cards in in your locality. Write now. Don't delay. A. Porter, 107 Clinton St., Chicago, Dept. 627.

Ad Miriam.

I think she stood beside us while we wept,
And wished that she might dry our tears away;
I think she wondered how her body slept;
I think she stood and heard us moan any pray.

I think her arms were clasped about us there,
I think she knew at last we understood,
And joined with us in humble, simple prayer,
And knew full more than we that God is good.

I think this true; but how it all could be
I do not know nor do I need to know;
Yet in the best and wisest books, I see
The best and wisest men have thought it so.

—Frederick Houk Law.

All The Advantages of This Enormous Cut Price Drug Store Are Yours—Buy by Mail

No matter where you live, you can buy your drugs, chemicals, sundries, etc., from us by mail and save from 25% to 100% on every purchase

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1911.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

No Groundhog Fiction

It matters not whether the groundhog saw his shadow—Spring will soon be here. We're about ready to enter upon a new period of life, with fresh hopes and rejuvenated ambitions. In the transition from Winter to Spring there may be wants that will have to be supplied. In this connection attention is called to the advertising columns of The Blade. The very thing that is desired may be found there. The matter of purchase is made easy and simple by getting into direct communication with the man who advertises.

Those 60,000 new worlds were not discovered by the aviators.

Queen Mary's coronation gown is to be eighteen feet long. "God save the king!"

If all people thought alike some patriots would never get a chance to hold office.

Give some politicians the benefit of the doubt and they will accept it as a vindication.

Do the cranks who predict the end of the world want their predictions to come true?

Champ Clark would be willing to violate a precedent by going from the speakership to the presidency.

It is the old story. The twelfth man on the Schenk jury could do nothing with eleven obstinate fellows.

A scientist says that there is more danger in shaking hands with a girl than to kiss her. That sounds better.

Peary missed the pole by a mile and six-tenths. Had he been in an automobile it is probable he would have hit it.

Mr. Roosevelt doesn't think much of the hippopotamus, because it is like some people. He mentioned no names.

Mr. Morgan told an interviewer that it was nobody's business where he was going. That's the way money talks.

We don't suppose any foreign country will ever build a battleship so large that it can't get through the Panama canal.

One aviator has quit flying because it has become so common. We'll just adopt that as an excuse for not beginning.

Wilbur Wright says it is his desire to put the flying machine within the reach of all. Let's hope it won't be as bad as that.

Judge Alton B. Parker says there are too many leaders in the country. As to the judge, he talks too much for a follower.

The New York clergyman who declares that the world has grown worse in the last ten years should have his salary reduced.

Ananias' tomb is reported to have been discovered. If it is true, curiosity suggests that we have a copy of the epitaph.

Maine is talking of changing the date of her biennial election. After what happened last fall something should be done.

Andrew Carnegie is in favor of bad spelling. We infer from this that Mr. Carnegie never made a dollar by knowing how to spell.

Nashville, Ind., now has the glory of being the center of population—if there is any glory in it. By the way, where is Nashville, Ind.?

In registering, under the old constitution, Seattle women had to swear that they were men. Most of them bore the disgrace manfully.

"Have you considered that the presidential campaign is only a year away?" asks the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Haven't we tried to forget it?

The new president of the steel corporation is to get a salary of only $50,000. Maybe he wishes now that he had gone in for baseball when he was young.

Maine is considering the proposition of establishing a farm for drunkards. It is a wonder that something of the kind has not occurred to other prohibition states.

After finding 1,446 nails, bolts, hairpins and other metallic articles in the stomach of a Missouri woman, the physicians looked no further for the cause of her death.

The public has so many other things at its heartstrings that it will never take time to sympathize with the fellows who make a failure of cornering the egg market.

The mayor of aKnsas City has vetoed the hatpin ordinance passed by the council of that city, explaining that it could not be enforced. Thus does man acknowledge the power of the weaker sex.

GAME LAWS.

We are in receipt of an appeal from the League of American Sportsmen for support of laws to prohibit the use of automatic and pump guns in the hunting of game. It is pointed out that by means of these weapons immense bags are netted by ruthless hunters, that the wild life is slaughtered, or driven away to seek new and lonelier feeding grounds, that the next generation may never behold a duck or a goose or any of the folks of the woods and water courses.

Nearly every state has a full stock of game laws. New ones are made at nearly every legislative convention. Yet, as everyone knows, there are no laws violated more, none held more in contempt than regulations as to shooting, hunting, trapping and fishing. Not until wild-fowl have disappeared, until fish have all but gone, until even the song-birds are become rarities, is there anything like a popular support of game laws. What is the worth of another set of prohibitions, this time ruling the kind of weapon which may be used? There are two hopes we entertain for the preservation of the game and of the song-birds. One is that in time the game hog will be made acquainted with the fact that he really, actually, is human swine and ought to be restrained to the confines of a pig-sty. The other hope for relief is that the farmers will cease to be tolerant, will themselves enforce laws as severely against the man who shoots quail upon their land out of season as they would against him who steals their chickens or robs their cornerib.

ANNULLING THE CONSTITUTION.

The Harpoon is a little paper published in Denver. It has but one aim. It publishes but one kind of news. Its sole purpose in being is to remedy abuses in the railway mail service. Unless there were such abuses the Harpoon, of course, would not exist. The fact that it has been running many months testifies to the fact that the people subscribe for it, that they are aware of the wrongs and are in sympathy with the movement to rectify them.

The postmaster general has annulled that amendment to the constitution which says that "Congress shall make no law * * * abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peacefully to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances." Assuming an authority higher than that of congress he has forbade the compilation and presentation of petitions. The Harpoon has asked for 10,000 signatures from postal clerks, giving the postmaster general the difficult task of dismissing 10,000 government employes—if he dares. It is to be hoped that the petition will materialize, principally as a test of the power of an executive officer to defy the United States constitution.

THE ALASKAN BILL.

Representative Mondell, of Wyoming, who stands sponsor for the bill to lease the Alaskan coal lands, is the leading anti-conservationist of the house. He is the moving spirit of the group of congressmen who approve of the policy of swift transfer of public lands and waterpower to private ownership. He is an opponent of forest reserves and in fullest sympathy with the plaintive appeals of sheep herders for the opening of the reserves for grazing purposes free of charge.

It is best, in the circumstances, to be suspicious of the Alaskan leasing bill. Mr. Mondell is not the least likely to have framed a measure which assures protection to all the owners of this vast property. There is no hint in the short resume of the measure sent out in the news dispatches, that those who have practiced fraud in the presentation of claims before the land office shall be barred from the right to operate and convey leases. Without such provision the notorious Cunningham claimants would gain their purposes. Without such rebuff to illegitimate business principles, the Guggenheim options on the Cunningham claims would be taken up and a number of men be tremendously enriched through actions questionable if not criminal.

Mr. Mondell will bear a good deal of watching.

RECIPROCITY TREATIES.

As long ago as 1844 the idea of reciprocal international trade agreements, of the character of those advocated today, had a strong appeal with American statesmen and economists. In that year the President presented to congress a treaty with the German Zollverein, but the senate refused to ratify it upon the ground that the executive had exceeded his authority.

For twelve years the United States maintained a reciprocal treaty with Canada, terminating it in 1866 upon the argument that the balance of trade was against us, but really doing so because of the resentment of the north against the aid and sympathy given the south during the rebellion. Substantial free trade was provided in a treaty arranged with Mexico in 1883, but the senate chose to ignore it. James G. Blaine made the flat statement that this failure of ratification was due to the influence of the sugar interests. President Arthur arranged a treaty with Spain covering our trade with Cuba and Porto Rico. It was sent to the senate, from which it was withdrawn by President Cleveland. At the command of congress, Mr. Cleveland called a Pan-American conference, but the President's hostility to the doctrine of reciprocity prevented the question being taken up seriously. The McKinley tariff bill of 1890 said nothing of reciprocity, but through the speeches of Mr. Blaine and Senator Sherman the country heard a lot about the doctrine. However, congress refused to support amendments to the McKinley bill calling for reciprocity with Canada, though certain other treaties were entered into, but only to be abrogated by the Democrats in 1894. The principle was recognized in the Dingley act, but six treaties arranged by President McKinley were pigeon-holed by the senate and, in time, forgotten. It was only by the use of the fullest executive power in 1903 that the solemn treaty obligations entered into with Cuba by the senate and providing for reciprocity were finally carried out by that body.

This is the history of reciprocity in America. It is not very pleasant reading for those who advocate the policy. The record of the recent growth of trade and industry in Canada, due to the blind and selfish opposition of extreme protectionists, makes it still more unpleasant. It is impossible to guess what the present congress or the next will do with the document just submitted.

SOME SHIPBUILDING FACTS.

The Marine Review in compiling the statistics of the shipyards, reports that the following vessels were built upon the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf coasts last year:

Fourteen steamers, 4 car-floats, 11 barges and lighters, 2 small warships, 14 yachts and vessels of the yacht type, 6 tugs, 1 ferryboat and 4 fishing boats.

The largest of the steamers constructed was an oil tank 400 feet in length. The next three largest vessels built on the coast, freighters 347 feet long, came from the same yards.

Fifty-one vessels were launched in 1910 at shipyards upon the Great Lakes. They consisted of:

Twenty bulk freighters with a total carrying capacity of 194,500 gross tons, 3 package freighters, 2 passenger steamers, 1 listed as "steamer," 3 car ferries, 1 river ferry, 1 lumber steamer, 12 tugs, 3 lighters, 1 lighthouse tender, 1 sandsucker, 2 scows and 2 gold dredges.

Yachts and other pleasure boats are not reported upon. Of the bulk freighters five were 600 or more feet in length. Sixteen other of the like vessels were each larger than any one of the four largest vessels constructed in seacoast yards. The famous Cramps plant made four car ferries, a steel oil barge 96 feet long and two warships for the Cuban government, the largest being 260 feet over all and having 2,055 gross tonnage. In the same time the Toledo Shipbuilding company, holding about third place in importance upon the lakes, made the freighter Norway 524 feet long, the steamers Saint Claire and Erwin L. Fisher and Ann Arbor car ferry No. 5, work which probably eclipses in magnitude and in number of men employed the year's work of the greatest plant upon the American seacoast.

The lake shipyards have under construction for delivery in 1911:

Five bulk freighters, 1 car ferry, 2 passenger steamers, 1 excursion steamer, 2 oil tenders, 1 fuel lighter and 2 lightships.

The shipping industry of four of the Great Lakes is of more importance than the domestic shipping of the entire Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific coasts—that is, of more importance except when Uncle Sam is asked to extend aid. In such instance a fishing port of Maine making an annual report of two vessels entered and two cleared, or one in South Carolina having a naval dock to which naval vessels cannot go for lack of water, can command millions for improvement where a lake port is refused a few thousands.

NOT A LONESOME FAME.

The aviator who breaks a world's record has plenty of company. There are others. Aviation has established more high points and torn more high marks to shreds than did bicycle racing in the very palmiest days of its faking. Which is not to say that the aviators have falsified their records. At most they have merely shrunk the miles and clipped the time off of minutes and seconds. When Mr. Parmelee slaughtered the American endurance record at San Francisco the other day we looked up the chronology of aviation and were delighted by the rich and generous feast of figures spread therein. There were, for example, records of:

Quick starting for aeroplanes.
Slow speed for aeroplanes.
Quick turns.
English Channel flights.
Over-water flights.
Speed aviators alone and aviators with passengers.
Duration and distance flights.
Altitude for biplanes and monoplanes.
Over-two-hour flights.
Loss of life.
Dirigible balloon successes, those for spherical balloons and others for sounding balloons.

The areronaut has a wide choice of records he proposes to smash—from slowness to speed, from the nearest to the quickest to heaven.

WHY?

The house of representatives, in passing the postal appropriation bill, defeated the provision calling for the substitution of official stamps for the franked envelopes and wrappers now used by members of congress and the government departments?

Why?

There is no way for the postoffice to learn with exactness just how much government mail is carried, how much labor it involves and how large a part of the appropriations is consumed by this service. The official stamps were proposed as a means by which this data might be gathered and an intelligent effort be made to stop wastes.

Did the house vote down this measure because it was true, as charged, that the abuse of the franking privilege was concentrated in congress?

Did it oppose the reform because the postoffice department, and in turn the public, would learn that congressmen use envelopes bearing the wording, "Penalty for Private Use $300," for their private correspondence, for that of their wives and daughters, their clerks and servants?

The vote would appear to prove the charge.

MAIL AND EXPRESS.

In all that florid literature now engaged in trying to make the parcels post look like a national need and a universal cure-all are to be found such assertions as these: "The postoffice department is a cumbersome, outworn system;" "The postoffice os the refuge of incompetents;" "The postoffice is the pap of politicians;" "The mail service is slow, unreliable and expensive."

If these things are so, then how may the postoffice department be bettered by saddling upon it the tremendous burden of carrying express matter? It is common knowledge that the postoffice department is in deplorable shape. It is the prey of politics. We are not so certain as to the charge of incompetence. The individual members of the great postal staff could probably do vastly better and vastly more if they were not held down under the weight of congressional laws and special regulations. The best part of the mail service is probably as good as the best in the world and the worst may not be far down the scale of adequacy and competence. Yet all these difficulties ought to be pushed aside, cured and forgotten, before a new duty, nearly as heavy as all the present duties, is assumed. There should be some assurance that the postal deficit will not leap from $6,000,000 to $60,000,000.

We preserve an open mind toward this parcels post propaganda. We are willing to be convinced. Looking for convincing material, however, is proving a barren search. The writers and orators are making comparisons where conditions are not comparable. Until the postoffice department shows an ability to keep within its expenses, to run smoothly and in a way satisfactory to the country, it would seem only the sensible part of caution to avoid making the service more hopeless and more inefficient.

THE UNREBELLING.

The queue of the Chinaman, according to tradition, is a symbol of servitude, a conquered race having thus expressed its confession of bondage to an enemy who appear to have had a strong sense of the ridiculous. In time this badge of shame, as it were, became a possession to be prized and guarded carefully. The longest queue was the best. The most abject admission of subjection gave occasion for display of insufferable superiority.

Recent cablegrams from China report that the reform movement has adopted the shears as one of its weapons. The queue must go. It will be cut off and destroyed or, in the more practical and commercial provinces of the empire, be boxed and shipped to America, where the fashion now demands the measurement of hair in terms of avordupois. All this has been amusing. It has given the paragraphers no end of material and even the poets have taken the queue as an attractive subject for their art, the word rhyming easily. But, so far we have noted no inclination to employ the rebellion of the Chinese against a symbol of serfdom as a lesson to ourselves. It has not brought about, as it should, the promotion of any reform movement against the vassalage of the stiff, meaningless, ugly linen collar. Men still submit themselves to the discomfort of snapping these yokes into place and yanking and hauling a halter through or around them. The corset, the high-shoe, the umbrageous hat reign without question as to their authority. That which the Chinamen will no longer stand—the open proclamation of villenage and service—we submit to with scarce a protest. The light of Asia, big as it is, has yet failed to illuminate the Occident.

OYSTERS.

It is not so long ago that people living in the middle west bought their oysters at the corner grocery according to the brightness of the labels on the cans. Then the shiny rectangular can, of a clammy feeling and covered with damp sawdust—this time handled by the meatmen—drew the Saturday night trade and became a distinctive embellishment of the vacant lots. Perhaps both the cove oyster and that of the slab-sided tins still constitute the foundation of the interior trade, but long ago the oysters came to the inland cities in another and better shape. They are shipped in special cars, speeded as perishable freight, handled in bulk, alive, if you wish it, or but a few hours past living, presented in cleanly, attractive receptacles, an article within the reach of all, no longer a luxury.

There are still greater developments possible in the oyster producing and shipping industry. The Baltimore American says that Maryland, which has an annual output of 3,000,000 bushels, might just as well be producing 60,000,000 bushels of oysters every year. The oyster, which a learned court once pronounced a wild animal, can be planted, or rather pastured. It can be domesticated, improved, protected from its multitudinous enemies. All that is needed is enterprise and a little common sense law-making. The enterprise exists. The Baltimore American indicates even a hopefulness for the sensible legislation. Then who would worry about the price of beef? Who would grumble about the heaven-aspiring cost of pork? The oyster might be so cheap and so common that even the average husband could open the shells and come forth from the fray with screwdriver and fingers whole.

THE GREAT RACE.

The mound builders who journeyed from the Ohio valley to far Wyoming, where stone for their weapons and implements was most to their liking, doubtless boasted of fast time they occasionally made down the Missouri into the Mississippi and thence home. Records of the caravan trains across desert Turkestan, from seaboard China to the Baltic, were discussed and disputed at a thousand camp-fires. So the race kept on, out of the darkness of the stone ages, through the time of traffic in native copper and amber, speeding from the islands of the Indias, over seas and over sands, to Bagdad and Damascus, out of the land of the blue-dyed Briton with messages for Rome, back to Spain from the new world with great news and wonderful presents, and so, until Phineas Fogg, that marvelous man of precision, entered the door at the striking of the hour and claimed his winnings for having rounded the world in 80 days. It was a high mark. It was a romantic mark. But in the 38 years since its establishment, the achievement has been torn to shreds. From 80 it fell to 65. Not so long ago it was in the 40s. Now, as their contribution to the contest, the Japanese have made it possible for the traveler to circumscribe the globe in 37 days. By the time of Kipling's Night Mail the sun passed the voyager once on the way around, but everyone knew it wouldn't be long before sun and airship would be running neck and neck. And maybe it won't be.

THE PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE.

The National Republican League has declared for a set of politics one or two of which indicate hasty, if not illogical, thinking. These will impel many men who are in complete sympathy with the progressive cause to hesitate before granting the league their allegiance. But so vital is the necessity for such an organization, so just its principles, so clean and high-minded its Americanism, that the question of policies of state might very well be considered of minor importance. The Civil war was fought upon the impulse of a powerful, fundamental principle. The problems of policies were many, but were not permitted to vitiate the righteousness of the cause.

The senatorial elections in states which have chosen Democratic legislatures have defined with perfect clearness the direction of the Democratic party. That it is taking the backtrack is unmistakable. That it is gathering to its standards the forces of freedom and the capitalizers of indifference, becomes daily more apparent. In this exigency those who voted for Democratic candidates in hopes of shaking off Republican reactionary control, those who refrained from voting out of disgust with or suspicion of both parties—a condition more striking in the east than in the west—these, we say, will find trustworthiness, integrity and courage in the elements bound to crystallize about the National Progressive Republican League. The movement should not in the least mean the flotation of a third party. It should mean only a return to the tenets of honesty and justice which brought the Republican party into being. It should mean only a short, swift, clean fight for control.

NOT ALL THE TRUTH.

The bureau of labor, reporting the death of 29,293 coal miners in the decade closing with 1908, puts the responsibility for most of the accidents upon the wilfulness and the ignorance of foreign-born workmen, who now perform most of the labor in the colliery districts. But like many of the more cold statements of fact which the government issues, the facts behind the coal mining accidents are not discussed.

There is no word of the influences brought to bear to persuade a people, whose lives have been tied to the soil through endless generations, to immigrate. There is nothing concerning the system established by the coal mining industry for the purpose of concentrating the immigrant movement toward the "Black Country." There is nothing of the conditions of squalor maintained through corporate control of the housing and the food supply which sap vitality and promote stupidity and make labor altogether hateful and pride in workmanship impossible. There is nothing of the economic expedients which make the workmen's associations choose between practices that are unsafe and practices that bring the greatest return in wage.

No doubt the bureau of labor recognizes the fundamental causes of mining disasters. We know this by recommendations that have issued from the offices, by the co-operation it has given to the studies of the geological survey. Yet it is time that the meagre reports of such government bureaus should reflect more completely the humanitarian spirit which brought about their establishment and the appointment of their experts.

ILLINOIS VOTE-SELLERS.

It was to be said in defense of the voters of Adams county, Ohio, who betrayed their trust, that they dwelled in a backward and outland section, that they fell in with custom, always more powerful than law. But there are no such excuses for the vote-sellers of Joseph Cannon's country. Danville is an active, industrial city, very much in the world and very much alive to countrywide agitations and movements. The speaker's own precinct, according to a member of the Republican organization, has 75 purchasable votes, among which was that of a minister of the gospel. The Soldiers' home, so it was declared, was the first place the crooked candidate "heads for."

If punishment were proportioned to the relative realization of vote-sellers and buyers as to the iniquity of their crimes, those in Speaker Cannon's district would suffer some hundreds per cent more than their fellows in Adams county, Ohio.

A Nebraska woman says bald heads look pretty enough to kiss. Originality is a charming talent. Few women could have thought of such a sunshiny thing to say.

The anti-cigarette bill introduced in the Ohio house has been referred to the committee on ditches and drains. Thus is another statesman discouraged in his effort to reform the world.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A MYSTERIOUS MESSENGER

International Sunday School Lesson for February 5 Is "Elijah the Prophet Appears in Israel." I. Kings, 17.

By William T. Ellis

Not many persons can recite the list of the kings of Judah and Israel, but he would be an ignoramus indeed who did not know something about the most dramatic figure in the Old Testament, Elijah the Tishbite. This rugged wilderness ascetic was a man of mysterious appearances and disappearances. He suddenly appears on the scene of Israel's history, and then, at intervals, he as strangely disappears and reappears. He is like one of his own mountains, whose peaks shine in the sunlight while its base is bathed in darkness. The everydayness of this wonderful character, those forces which shaped his character, are hidden from sight. We only know of Elijah that whenever he was needed he was on the spot. That is enough to know about anybody.

The strength—the roughness—of the solitary places was in this prophet's character. We are told of him he was a sojourner in Gilead, on the east side of the Jordan. I have lately been through Gilead, for it is a center of present news, on account of the war against the Druses which the Turkish government is waging. The waste places are now occupied by the tents of the soldiers, who grumble not a little at the isolation and other hardships of their lot. Part of the country is of a rough, volcanic formation, and part is mountainous. It was in these valleys, which to this day are pock-marked with caves, that the prophet was doubtless prepared, learning the majesty and might of Jehovah, and those lessons of fearlessness, which are the heritage of mountain folk.

A Man Unafraid.

It is important for every man who is in any sense a teacher of the public that he be first of all unafraid. Especially is this true of the preacher. He may get along without tact and social ease, without a good voice or the wisdom of the schools, but if he be afraid of the face of man, then he is no true prophet of the Most High. Elijah knew himself to be a messenger of the Lord. As the Arabic saying has it, "The pasha's servant is the pasha." We have nothing in the West that illustrates the power and authority which belong to the messenger, so well as the case of the kavasses, of the foreign consulates and embassies in Turkey. These men are gorgeously uniformed, and they walk or ride before the officials when the latter go forth in state. In Jerusalem they attend the foreign visitors to the Mosque of Omar, as the embodiment of the authority of that visitor's government. These Kavasses, or messengers, are immune from arrest or molestation; they embody the sovereignty of a higher power.

Thus Elijah behaved when he appeared before the terrible King Ahab. He was so filled with a sense of his ambassadorial authority that he had no room for fears. Ahab was great, in his own eyes and in the eyes of the people; but in the sight of God and his prophet he was only a sinful man, to whom Jehovah was sending a warning. In the solitudes of Gilead Elijah had learned to fear God so greatly that he had no room in his bosom for lesser fears. There was state and solemnity, and an absence of all thought of fear, as he sounded in the king's ears the dreadful verdict that there would be no rain in all the land until Elijah himself should announce it. Well might the ignoble king tremble before the kingly prophet

The Ravine and the Ravens.

Then came the word of Elijah that he should betake himself to the Brook Cherith. That word "brook" is more properly translated "ravine." It is a brook only part of the time. There was no water in it when I saw the ravine, if the traditional site, on the way to Jericho from Jerusalem, be the correct one. There is a monastery of Elijah now on the supposed spot where the prophet had his cave. Many hermits also live in the ravine, their caves half way up the rocky sides. The depth and desolation of this great gorge can scarcely be imagined. The sides fall precipitately for hundreds of feet; I narrowly escaped being thrown into it one evening, when my horse stumbled on the edge of the precipice. There is real grandeur to the spot, and it has always, because of its sublimity and inaccessibility, been a favorite resort with those seeking retreat from the world.

Hither Elijah was sent to spend a period of waiting. So long as water remained in the brook, he could abide here, the ravens being God's messengers to feed him. Since seeing the hugh black ravens which to this day abound in the region, soaring over the ravine like eagles, I have found no difficulty in the reasonableness of this miracle; especially since it is well known that this strongwinged bird carries large supplies of food to its nest. And in God's well-ordered plans his messengers always serve one another. Both the prophet and the birds were about their Master's business. There are ways beyond man's reckoning whereby God cares for his own when they are in need, and beyond all apparent means of help. A multitude of witnesses can testify that today God's ravens are still about his errands.

The First Foreign Missionary.

When water failed at Cherith the prophet was sent up to the northwest, to Zarepath, near Sidon, in Phoenicia. It has been said that this expedition makes Elijah the first foreign missionary. Phoenicia was one of the great heathen nations of antiquity; today it is known only for its ruins. The occasional tourist buys "tear bottles," exhumed from the graves of these discoverers of the art of making glass. Other antiquities of great value have been dug from the tombs of this now arid land; and it seems as if the principal feature of the landscape of Phoenicia at present is empty tombs. The glory of Tyre and Sidon has departed, though one may still see the heaps of murex shells from which the famous Tyrian purple was extracted. Zarepath is pointed out as a mere bare promontory of land.

Strange as it may appear, the King of kings traffics more with the common people than with the rulers of earth. Thus when there was need that the Lord's messenger should be cared for he was not sent to one of the royal courts of wealthy Phoenicia, but to a poor widow. The poor have ever been the best friends of God. Unencumbered by this world's goods, they take on the precious soul-cargo of spiritual trust. The bitter poverty of the East is unknown in any Christian land, although there is more abject misery in London than in any other city in the world. The problem of living there is quite as elemental as it is represented in the case of the widow. There was no home missionary society to lend assistance, no city board of charity; nothing at all except an occasional bit of neighborliness. When the widow's store of meal failed, there was only starvation ahead.

Only a few minutes ago I saw a woman going along the road, in the tattered single garment of Syria's poor. On her hip she carried a child, and on her head a great bundle of thorns, which she had gathered for fuel. To this day, in the Orient, the peasant women gather the fuel even as the widow in this story is represented as doing.

The Shared Crust.

The widow perceived that this hairy strong-featured man from Israel was religious. She had the East's tolerance, or superstitious respect for, all things marked religious, and she consented to share her last handful of meal, and her last drops of oil, with the stranger who came appealing to her hospitality. She did not know that God never lets the giving hand get empty; or, as the Book of Proverbs has it, "The liberal soul shall be made fat." Some of the "careful," or "thrifty" folk who are grumbling about hard times, need to give away a little money. And some churches that are struggling along under financial loads and an arid spiritual life, need first of all to deal justly by their pastor, in the matter of his salary. The prospects of a revival throughout the land are not good so long as the prophets of God are lying awake nights, wondering how the grocer is to be paid. The call is less one for more faith on the part of the preacher than one for greater works on the part of his people. The tithes must be brought into the storehouse ere the windows of heaven can be opened.

The widow shared with Elijah, and, lo, God gave her not only food for herself in abundance, but He also, through the prophet restored to life her son when he died. The God whom she had in ignorant reverence honored, proved to be a greater than she had dreamed, the very Lord of life and death. God always shows himself to the trustful as mightier than even faith had imagined. And that is the lesson of this lesson—that God is great and sufficient, and solicitous for all who dare to do or endure at His word. Elijah's sermon today is "Have faith in God."

Nature's Old Stores

MORE than 20,000 tusks of mammoths, the hairy elephants that once abounded in regions now litle more than frozen wastes, have been marketed in Siberia within the last 200 years. The natives of that country have used thousands more for ornamental and other purposes, and the tusks of these extinct animals, the last of which perished, it appears, thousands of years ago, still constitute one of the world's sources of ivory.

In such unusual and imagination-stirring form the daily and hourly use of things which nature created long ago and will not replace within any period which man can reckon with, assumes a peculiar interest, but in the traffic and industries of the world nothing is a more commonplace matter-of-fact than the consumption of varied stores which date back far into the childhood of the earth.

This is true, not merely of such familiar treasures of a very remote past as the coal we burn and the natural gas and petroleum which do much to light and heat the homes of a multitude of people in many lands. It applies to products which are not so often thought of as the gift of the far-distant ages.

All building stone is exceedingly old, as human history deals with time. The gravel which ballasts railroad tracks and the sand which makes mortar and plaster and glass is likewise aged beyond imagining. The soil of the fields, even that which is composed chiefly of the vegetable ashes, so to speak, of old forests and unnumbered crops of grass and other plants, is ancient beyond anything in the annals or traditions of mankind.

Millions of farms are being fertilized every year with phospha s obtained from rocks which are composed of the bones and shells of animal life which passed away thousands of years before man came upon the world's stage. Even the guano obtained from caves where myriads of bats have lived and died and from rocky islands where millions of seafowl have nested through hundreds of centuries, is very old, in part.

The trees man cuts down and uses for many purposes are often older than

the American republic. That is true of a multitude of oaks, maples, beeches, pines and other trees in many lands, but it applies with esupecial force to such ancients of the earth as the giant sequoias of California and the redwoods of the same state. They are often 300 or 400 years old. Some may be 2,000 years old.

Practically all of the metals are immensely old. They came into existence under conditions which forbid hope that they will be replaced by nature when man wears them out or consumes them in any way. They make the gums of ancient woods, like amber, seem modern by contrast, and measured by the age of metals it is only drawing on modern resources to use corals thousands of years old, or peat from beds formed before history began.

All of these treasures created in a far-distant past man consumes as if they would be renewed without limit, or as if they could not be exhausted. He is a prodigal in his enjoyment of the stores which were slowly and with tremendous convulsions of nature, in many cases, fashioned and brought into existence so long ago that human history is nothing in comparison with the formative period of the mineral world.

It would be a dark picture for the future of the human race if there were not reason to hope that before the old stores of nature's bounty can be exhausted man may be able to find satisfactory substitutes for them in the realms where it is apparently impossible ever to approach the limit of the world's abundance.

Varieties

Chile's 899 postoffices serve about 3,500,000 persons.

The postponed Japanese world exposition will probably be held in 1916.

The late election in New York cost the various candidates a total of $917,676.

Tasmania is preparing to use eucalyptus timber for the manufacture of paper.

Australia produced gold valued at $61,222,278 last year, and New Zealand $9,765,579 worth.

Alcoholic liquors for the use of natives are not permitted to be imported into Somaliland.

A flagstaff made in several sections that telescope for convenience in handling has been patented.

During the last three months a bank burglary has been committed in Kansas every three days.

Cape Colony will import 50,000 telephones from Sweden to meet an increasing demand.

The first aeroplane engine in which it is possible to regulate the speed has been invented in England.

There are nearly 3,500 miles of electric wires in one New York office building.

The Turkish government has established wireless telegraphy on 11 warships and has installed a land station.

A dynamo, perfect in every detail, but weighing only a quarter of an ounce, has been made by a French electrician.

That 25,344,000 soap bubbles can be produced from a pound of soap has been figured out by a mathematical genius.

Charles Dickens' writing desk used during his reading tour in the United States was sold at auction in London for $150.

Prices of tin, gambier, tapioca, sago, pepper, rubber, etc., exported from Malaysia have increased by 95 per cent since 1896.

Backed by a $50,000 endowment fund, the University of Leeds, England, has established a chair of coal, gas and fuel industries.

An electrical teleprinting apparatus enables the Berlin police to print notices in 200 stations in the city and its suburbs simultaneously.

So favorable is the atmosphere of Argentina to wireless telegraphy that the postmaster general proposes to substitute it for the present telegraph system.

To draw an operator's hand out of the way of a descending die in a stamping machine is the purpose of a series of levers invented by a Maryland man.

"The government," says Premier Briand, of France, "is determined to combat alcoholism. It is a question of national interest. The very life of the nation is at stake."

For the use of banks there has been invented an automatic camera which photographs checks in miniature on a roll of film at a rate of about 1,000 an hour.

On the active list of the Coldstream Guards is Robert J. Broughton, age 94, who celebrated on New Year's day his 49th anniversary as solicitor to the regiment.

British East Africa has sent its first consignment of grape fruit to England. It can be shipped to arrive at times when the California and Jamaica fruit is not due, says the London Times.

On the walls of the old castle at Oakham is a great array of horseshoes. Every peer of the realm visiting the town of Rutland gives a horseshoe, and many of these shoes have histories.

Girl messengers in the London postoffice are now on the job. They wear their ordinary dresses, but later may have uniforms. Their work is about the same as that of an indoor errand boy.

The Danish government has granted $2,915,000 for the encouragement of agriculture, and the 115 local agricultural societies, with 84,500 members received subventions amounting to $50,000.

Dartmoor convict prison was formerly used for prisoners of war. Nearly a century ago hundreds of French and American soldiers and sailors were detained there, in some cases for years.

An exceedingly poisonous variety of centipede is found throughout China in great numbers under old buildings or old logs. The bite is extremely painful and in children sometimes fatal.

There is one place in the Atlantic ocean, near the Virgin islands, where the bottom is four and one-half miles beneath the surface. Near the Ladrone, islands, in the Pacific, it is about five miles.

To obtain water power from streams without interfering with navigation by the erection of dams, a Californian has invented a barge carrying a wheel driven by water passing through a flume in the craft.

A half-starved partridge was found in a Christmas tree shipped from Maine to A. Dallas, in Waterbury, Conn. The tree had been tied so the bird was made a prisoner. When found, warmed and fed it revived.

Little Edna was reproving her younger brother for fibbing. Frowning on the small culprit, she said: "Now, just you 'member, Willie Jones, an' don't you never tell me one of your wrong-side-out stories again."

An Italian engineer has invented a cinematograph apparatus which can be connected with objects liable to be stolen in such a fashion that as soon as a person lays hands on them his every movement is photographed.

The market tolls of the borough of Chard, Somerset, England, have been let to Benjamin Brown, who made the last bid of $505 before the sandglass, which, according to immemorial custom, controls the auction, ran out.

Minnie Johnson, 16 years old, living on a farm near Manhattan, Kan., is the winner of a first prize of $5 offered by the state agricultural college for the best-made loaf of bread. Eighteen counties were represented in the contest.

During the last season shipments of California grapes reached Porto Rico so quickly that the interest formerly displayed in Spanish grapes was reduced. Pears, peaches, plums and cherries were also promptly sent and delivered.

Miss Eleanor G. D. Cuyler has given $5,000 toward the Wright memorial dormitory at Yale university. Miss Cuyler's is the third gift of $5,000 to be used for a suite of rooms. Her gift is in memory of her brother, Theodore Cuyler, class of '82.

Charles H. Johnson, the new Democratic United States senator from Maine, is 52 years of age, and the length of his active service in the party is indicated by the fact that he was its candidate for governor 20 years ago.

To enable a person to massage himself without assistance there has been patented an apparatus to be fastened to a wall, adjustable to any height, in which a wheel with leather covered balls on the ends of the spokes is rotated by cranks and suitable gears.

Maine's motto, "Dirigo," will apply to robins this season, as people who live on Penks Island declare that a flock of 50 of the red-breasted harbingers of spring has already made its appearance there. Portland takes notice and begins to talk about being a winter resort.

Robert Young, of Edinburgh, Scotland, who died the other day, was known far and wide as a collector of horseshoes. Row upon row of shoes dating from the time of the Roman occupation, and including those of Ladas and Rock Sand, hung on the walls of his shop.

Quick Relief From Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

Cures Even Worst Cases to Stay Cured

FREE FIT CURE

To prove to any sufferer that Epilepsy can positively be cured and to show you how we are curing the worst cases of long standing with our wonderful new Kiro treatment. We will send any sufferer a four weeks full treatment free. Our treatment is positively harmless and safe. It contains no Alcohol or dangerous drugs. The fits will stop at once. You will feel better right from the start. All that is necessary to get the four weeks free medicine is to send your name and Express and mail address, telling how long you have been sick and how often attacks occur. Don't Delay. Delays are Dangerous.

Kiro Remedy Co., 272 Detroit St., Flint, Mich.

HAVE YOU TRIED PAXTINE

The Great Toilet Germicide?

You don't have to pay 50c or $1.00 a pint for listerian antiseptics or peroxide. You can make 16 pints of a more cleansing, germicidal, healing and deodorizing antiseptic solution with one 25c box of Paxtine—a soluble antiseptic powder, obtainable at any drug store.

Paxtine destroys germs that cause disease, decay and odors—that is why it is the best mouth wash and gargle, and why it purifies the breath, cleanses and preserves the teeth better than ordinary dentifrices, and in sponge bathing it completely eradicates perspiration and other disagreeable body odors. Every dainty woman appreciates this and its many other toilet and hygienic uses.

Paxtine is splendid for sore throat, inflames eyes and to purify mouth and breath after smoking. You can get Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic at any drug store, price 25c and 50c, or by mail postpaid from the Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass., who will send you a free sample if you would like to try it before buying.

ARE YOU SICK?

And discouraged; not interested in anything? Do you want to feel fresh and wide awake in the morning, ambitious to work? Write for 30 days' treatment and

GET WELL.

When the stomach, liver and kidneys are allowed to go diseased for a time, a condition of misery follows. Bladder and urinary trouble and **weakness due to excess** are serious. Don't neglect them. **Old Dr. Wright remedies** help old and young. Thirty days' treatment, one dollar. Write today.

THE OLD Dr. WRIGHT REMEDY CO.

THE NASBY, TOLEDO, OHIO.

A DOCTOR MILES AWAY

may be a very good doctor, but he is not in it with a bottle of DR. GORDON'S KING OF PAIN on the closet shelf. Great household remedy for Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Diarrhea, Colic, Cramps, Cuts, Burns or Bruises. Relieves pain of any nature the moment applied. Prices, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Agents wanted. THE E. G. RICHARDS CO., Box 545M, TOLEDO, OHIO.

FAT FOLKS

Give me your name and address and I will tell you how to reduce your bust, waist and hips without starving.

Results Guaranteed.

Mrs. G. M. Greising, 511 Main St., Toledo, O.

DollarBox for 25c

NERVITA TABLETS extra strong, for nervous, weak and worn out MEN. Thousands know their value. Satisfy yourself. Send 25c for a $1 box today. FISHER DRUG CO., 9 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—In other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German-American Institute, 981 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Bayles Co., 1817 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

LADIES WHY SUFFER?

Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a 50 cent package of this wonderful remedy FREE. Send at once to

MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Greek Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN in our catalog of RUBBER NECESSITIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, AN-60 Wabash Av., Chicago

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. WRITE FOR BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 185 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICHIGAN.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 29, Marshall, Mich.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY Book of description and photos mailed sealed. Free. THE EXCHANGE, Box 829 T. O., Kansas City, Mo.

Ladies when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

DROPS TO OCEAN IN GREAT FLIGHT

Though Stopped Ten Miles From Goal, McCurdy Surpasses Channel Trips.

Havana, Jan. 30.—Within ten miles of the Cuban coast, and but a short distance further from his goal, the Camp Columbia aviation field, J. A. D. McCurdy, the Canadian aviator, ran out of lubricating oil today, and was compelled to abandon a magnificent flight from Key West, Florida.

When he saw that he could not quite reach the spot, McCurdy alighted safely on the water, and the pontoons with which it was equipped floated the aeroplane until the destroyer Paulding splashing along in its wake had overtaken the aerial craft. McCurdy and his biplane were taken on board, neither the worse for the mishap.

Flies 80 Miles.

At first, it was thought that the aviator could make a new start from the deck of the destroyer, but this proved impracticable, and after considerable delay, the Paulding brought the whole outfit into the harbor.

McCurdy had covered approximately 80 miles when he was obliged to descend and though he failed to meet the requirements of the competition, he accomplished a feat unprecedented in cross-sea flying.

Compared with the 18 mile flights across the English channel, today's performance stands out as far away more remarkable. But for a slip in the matter of supplies, it is not to be doubted that the trip would have been successful.

At Key West a light breeze was blowing and the sea was smooth. Similar reports came by wireless from Havana and McCurdy, whose patience had nearly been exhausted by a week of anxious waiting, quickly decided to make the flight.

Early this morning orders were issued to the government boats at Key West and they immediately took their positions 10 miles apart. When word came by wireless from the torpedo boat destroyer Roe that the boats were all ready for him, McCurdy got ready to make the flight.

All in Readiness.

Every brace and wire on the biplane had been thoroughly tested. The motor had been tuned up and amid a silence that was almost oppressive McCurdy took his position in the aeroplane. The engine was started, an assistant gave the propeller a couple of twists. McCurdy listened a moment to the sound of the motor then raised his hand as a signal to the men holding the machine to let go. Swiftly the aeroplane ran along the smooth ground for about 100 feet. Then easily and gracefully it rose from the earth and McCurdy commenced to mount to the sky. As he left the ground the assembled crowd gave a hearty cheer. McCurdy waved his hand and was off on the most difficult trip over the sea that has ever been attempted.

With tremendous velocity the great white-winged biplane shot out over the smooth waters. Anxiously the crowd gathered on the shore watched the machine as it grew smaller and smaller and faded from sight. Anxiously they waited for the first news by wireless, and when the dispatch came that he had passed the third boat, 30 miles from shore, and was flying smoothly, another mighty cheer was given.

CANNON INTERVIEWED

"There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as crows could be;
They flapped their wings and cried;
Caw! Caw! Caw!"

Washington, Jan. 28.—This isn't poetry. It's an interview with "Uncle Joe" Cannon, speaker of the house of representatives, who sang, as above, when asked what he thought of the charges of alleged vote-buying in the Danville district.

Of course, there is a little more to the interview, but since an interviewer has to disjoint the rounded-out sentences with blanks like this: ——! ——? ——! what's the use of printing anything half English and hair Morse telegraph code?

The little ditty about the crows, says Uncle Joe, exactly describes some of the metropolitan papers. Why, in the name of blazes, anybody should want to know what he thinks of "some charges made by somebody who hasn't proved anything," is more than the Sage of Danville can understand.

Uncle Joe burst into song as soon as he was shown a headline which read something like this: "Charges Vote Buying in Cannon's District."

When he sings the venerable speaker isn't nearly so dignified as Caruso or Bonci. If he wasn't a man of exalted position, the critic might say that neither is he so melodious. Uncle Joe's voice is a sort of a cross between an insurgent lyric tenor and a stand-pat basso profundo.

As he warbled, Uncle Joe moved nimbly about over the thick carpets on his office floor—up stage awhile, then back into the spotlight when his verse was done and the encore was forthcoming.

Uncle Joe would never make a living as an operatic star, even with Victor Murdock as press agent, for he declines to take that big black cigar out of his mouth while he sings. Every time he said "Caw" a puff of smoke shot ceilingward.

"If I had been a naughty boy, I would expect to take the consequences. But I go to sleep every night within five minutes after I hit the bed. My conscience must be clear.

"I've learned to take the world and men as they come. You've got to be a philosopher to get along. I guess, maybe, if I were in the newspaper business I'd write this sort of stories, too. They help to sell the papers, perhaps."

Uncle Joe walked around his desk once more. He jammed his hands down into his pockets and he jammed his cigar up to an angle of 52 2-3 degrees.

The silence was impressive, as were also some remarks that came intermittently from the side lines.

Is Not Perturbed.

If the picturesque speaker of the house was perturbed because somebody in Danville declares that somebody else has said so and so, the kindly eye and the nonchalant manner of Uncle Joe didn't show it.

When he had put the newspapers' stories into the category of a crow confab, the Danville statesman moved over to the mantel in his office, rested an arm upon it and observed—in addition to other things that are not to be printed, because 'twas sort of an "among us boys" talk—as follows:

"And why the —— should I say anything about some indefinite charge that happens to be made in my district?"

"So long; that's all," he said as he backed away.

When The Stomach Stops

Working Properly, Because There Is Wind In It, Use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to Set It Going Again.

A Trial Package Free.

The doctors call it flatulency, but unprofessional folks know it as "wind on the stomach," and a most distressing state of things it is. It is a serious condition of this great motor organ.

Always annoying and painful in the extreme, at times often leading to bad and fatal results. The stomach embarrassed and hampered with wind, cannot take care of its food properly and indigestion follows, and this has a train too appalling to enumerate. The entire system is implicated—made an active or passive factor in this trouble and life soon becomes a questionable boon.

All this is explained in doctor books; how undigested food causes gases by fermentation and fomentation in which process some essential fluids are destroyed—burnt up—wasted by chemical action, followed by defective nutrition and the distribution through the alimentary tract of chemically wrong elements and as a consequence the stomach and entire system is starved. Plenty of food, you see, but spoilt in preparation and worse than worthless.

A deranged stomach is the epitome of evil; nothing too bad to emanate from it, but the gas it generates is probably its worst primary effect and the only way to do away with this is to remove the cause. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets go to the root of this trouble. They attack the gas-making foods and render them harmless. Flatulency or wind on the stomach simply cannot exist where these powerful and wonderworking little tablets are in evidence.

They were made for this very purpose, to attack gas making foods and convert them into proper nutriment. This is their province and office. A whole book could be written about them and then not all told that might be told with profit to sufferers from this painful disease, dyspepsia. It would mention the years of patient and expensive experiment in effort to arrive at this result—of failures innumerable and at last success. It would make mention of the different stomach correctives that enter into this tablet and make it faithfully represent all.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not alone intended for the sick, but well folks as well; for the person who craves hearty foods and wants to eat heartily and run no risk of bad effects, they act like a charm and make eating and digestion a delight and pleasure. They keep the stomach active and energetic and able and willing to do extra work without special labor or effort. Don't forget this. Well people are often neglected, but the Stuart Dyspepsia Tablets have them in mind.

A free trial package will be sent any one who wants to know just what they are, how they look and taste, before beginning treatment with them. After this go to the drug store for them; everywhere, here or at home, they are 50 cents a box and by getting them at home you will save time and postage. Your doctor will prescribe them; they say there are 40,000 doctors using them, but when you know what is the matter with yourself, why go to the expense of a prescription? For free trial package address F. A. Stuart Co., 332 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

MITCHELL IS CENSURED

Labor Leader Hears From Miners in Convention.

Columbus, Jan. 28.—The United Mine Workers, in convention here yesterday, made an attack on John Mitchell, former president of the organization, because of his connection with the American Civic Federation. The resolution introduced Thursday, however, was not adopted, a substitute having been presented which was not so drastic in its terms.

Instead of compelling any member of the Civic Federation who is a member of the Mine Workers to withdraw from the latter organization, the resolution was modified merely to censure the Federation. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 496 to 360, the desire of the convention being not to rebuke Mitchell harshly while he is before the United States supreme court in the labor contempt case.

A sensation was sprung in the convention today during the discussion of the resolution, when someone called out "there is a scab in this hall now." For an instant there was silence and then from all sides was yelled, "Point him out," and "Who made that charge?" For several minutes above the voices was heard the steady pound of President Lewis' gavel, before order was restored sufficiently to investigate the cause of the trouble.

Delegate Farrintgon, of district No. 12, was pointed out as the man who made the sensational statement and he came forward and made the charge that an ex-strikebreaker was not only a delegate to the convention, but was a member of the resolutions committee. This man he said was active in breaking a strike of miners during which miners were sentenced to terms in the penitentiary.

When called upon to name the man he said it was Delegate Thomas Hughes, of Bridgeport, O., the home town of President Lewis. A call was then made for Delegate Hughes, who was not in the hall. President Lewis suggested that the matter was one that should be investigated and that a committee shou'd be appointed before whom the accused member and those making the charge against him should appear.

MILLIONAIRE DIES SUDDENLY

New Jersey Iron Man Drops Dead in Mt. Clemens Hotel.

Mt. Clemens, Mich., Dec. 27.—D. F. Kraffert, of Plainville, N. J., said to be a millionaire iron producer, died suddenly in the Park hotel here Wednesday night.

Saturday last Kraffert came to Mt. Clemens and contracted a severe cold. Wednesday night one of the guests heard the sound of a falling body in Kraffert's room, but Kraffert was dead when assistance arrived. Heart failure was the direct cause.

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE

STUART'S PLAS TR PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending TRIAL of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—

TRIAL OF PLAPAO

PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 38, St. Louis, Mo.

Name .....

Address .....

Return mail will bring Free trial Plapao.

LEWIS IS DEFEATED

John P. White, of Oskaloosa, Ia., Is Chosen to Head Federation.

Columbus, Jan. 26.—When official announcement was made in yesterday's convention of the United Mine Workers of the defeat for re-election of President Tom L. Lewis by John P. White, of Oskaloosa, Ia., Mr. Lewis declared that on his retirement, April 1, he would go back to manual labor in the mines.

All the old officers, save Mr. Lewis, were re-elected. Mr. White defeated Mr. Lewis by a majority of 26,743 votes, receiving 98,933 votes.

President Lewis, in the convention, said he hoped to be a delegate to the next convention. He was cordially cheered when he arose to speak and it was many minutes before the hall could be quieted.

Declares He'll Fight On.

"I appreciate your reception," he said. "It has been my life aim to see all of the miners of the American continent united in one large body, and I hope to see a realization of my hopes. I will pledge my word to you now that because I have been defeated I will not sell my knowledge to friends or representatives of the class which we are fighting for living wages and hours."

President-elect White said:

"I hope to reunite the factions in our organization and will try to respect the present policies of the organization."

Other Officers Re-elected.

For vice president, Frank Hayes, of Springfield, Ill., was elected over E. S. McCullough, of Bay City, Mich., by a majority of 18,376 votes.

For secretary-treasurer, Edward Perry, whose former home was in Oskaloosa, Ia., was re-elected, over Senator William Green, of Coshocton, O., by a majority of 21,050.

92 SAVED FROM FIERY SHIP

Passengers Are Taken Off Boat Near Frisco.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 26.—The steamer Queen, on which fire broke out last night while she was at sea off Point Reyes, returned to port today with the first still burning. Her passengers, 92 in number, were immediately taken off by launches which met her in the stream.

The vessel's own pumps had been playing on the fire from the outset and as she was brought to anchor the two fire boats of the city fire department joined in the fight, sending great streams of water into the forehold. Later the steamer was taken to the Mud Flats off the Mission street short in order that she might be sunk if the flames could not be extinguished by other means.

The Queen, which belongs to the Pacific coast line, left here yesterday for Puget Sound ports. When the fire alarm was given the wireless operator sent out an "S. O. S." message which brought many responses from land and sea. Five steamers and tugs went to the assistance of the Queen. However, before midnight her master, Captain Zeh, sent a wireless message saying that he had the fire under control and would reach port in safety.

WOMAN SENTENCES HUSBAND

Philadelphia Wife, Judge Pro Tem., Shows No Mercy on Man.

Philadelphia, Jan. 30.—Mrs. Nathan Kirkwood this morning sentenced her husband to one year in the house of correction. The woman appeared against her husband on a charge of non-support in the Manayunk courts, which is presided over by Magistrate Grelis.

After hearing the testimony, the magistrate called Mrs. Kirkwood to the bench and informed her that she would have to be the judge as to the length of time her husband would remain in jail.

"You go to the house of correction for one year," Mrs. Kirkwood snapped at her husband, without a second's hesitation. Kirkwood pleaded with the magistrate, but the pleading only brought forth the answer that the sentence was just and would stand.

HEN CULLS ROTS AND SPOTS

Sorts Out Eggs That Will Hatch, Kicks Others From Nest.

Johnstown, N. Y., Jan. 30.—Giles Freeman, a farmhand employed by Eddie Hale, owns a brown leghorn hen of fine pedigree and a remarkable nature.

Before he bought the fowl of Hale, Freeman noticed whenever the hen was put on a new setting she would kick several eggs from the nest. Marking these eggs and placing them under other setting hens, Freeman found that not one would hatch. The remaining eggs invariably brought forth chicks.

Tired of buying setting eggs for a hen to scatter over the floor, Hale decided to sell the fowl. Freeman, knowing of her wonderful nature, purchased her. He christened her Minerva.

Each spring new Freeman uses her only to sort worthless eggs from the settings of farmers, who come from a radius of many miles to have the bird pass judgment on their assorted eggs.

Man Who Becomes Head of the Miners

JOHN P. WHITE.

"Dr. Miles' Nervine Completely Cured Our Little Boy of Fits."

A family can suffer no greater affliction than to have a child subject to fits or epilepsy. Many a father or mother would give their all to restore such a child to health.

"I am heartily glad to tell you of our little boy who was completely cured of fits. He commenced having them at 10 years of age and had them for four years. I tried three doctors and one specialist but all of them said he could not be cured, but Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills made a complete cure. He is now hale, hearty and gay. It has been three years since he had the last spell. I shall give Dr. Miles' medicines praise wherever I go. You are at liberty to use this letter as you see fit and anyone writing to me I will gladly answer if they enclose stamp for reply."

F. M. BOGUE, Windfall, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

is just what it is represented to be, a medicine compounded especially for nervous diseases, such as fits, spasms, St. Vitus' dance, convulsions and epilepsy. These diseases frequently lead to insanity or cause weak minds. Dr. Miles' Nervine has proven most effective in relieving these dreaded maladies.

Sold by all druggists. If the first bottle fails to benefit your money is returned.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

SUED FOR DIVORCE

Mrs. Schenk Has Papers Served on Her in Action by Husband.

Wheeling, W. Va., Jan. 28.—Mrs. Laura Farnsworth Schenk, wife of John O. Schenk, whom she was charged with attempting to poison, was released on her own recognizance by Judge Jordan in the criminal court today, the bail being left at $10,000.

A few minutes before she had been served with papers in a divorce action filed by her husband, in which it was stated application will be made February 4 for an injunction to restrain her from communicating with or harassing her husband, or from interfering in any way with her children, Virginia and Robert Schenk, or from entering their house on the island. The amount of alimony will also be argued at that time. A counter suit for divorce is being prepared by Mrs. Schenk's counsel, and the papers, it is said, will be served early next week.

Schenk to Pay Costs.

Since John O. Schenk neglected to announce that he would not be responsible for the debts contracted by his wife, it is held that he will be called upon to pay the costs of the late trial, about $100,000.

Immediately after the announcement that she was at liberty Mrs. Schenk, accompanied by her counsel, went to her tower room in the jail, where plans for her immediate future were made. Soon afterwards she entered the automobile of Attorney J. J. P. O'Brien and was driven to the residence of Mrs. Lasch, her island neighbor, who had testified for her during the trial. It is stated that she will make her home there for the present.

THE POWER OF MORGAN

Table Shows His Interests Equal Nearly All Assets of National Bank.

New York, Jan. 26.—The total assets of all the national banks of the United States amount to $9,730,518,635. The total assets of the four national banks of this city, which are directly controlled by J. P. Morgan, are $450,729,468, or 4.63 per cent of the total for the country.

Besides the four national banks Morgan controls seven trust companies with assets of $436,505,082, and one life insurance company with assets of $48,109,638, making the total assets of the national banks, trust companies and insurance company controlled by him $1,373,344,168, or 14.1 per cent of all the national banks of the country.

The following table shows the banking institutions which are directly controlled by Morgan, and the capitalization of the railroads and industrial corporations controlled by him:

NATIONAL BANKS.

	Capital.	Deposits.	Assets.
First	$10,000,000	$ 90,371,256	$127,246,031
Commerce	25,000,000	138,397,504	192,374,786
Liberty	1,000,000	20,591,800	24,771,900
Chase	5,000,000	91,582,353	106,336,751
Total	$41,000,000	$340,942,713	$450,729,468

TRUST COMPANIES.

Astor	$ 1,250,000	$ 14,178,800	$ 16,879,300
Bankers	3,000,000	67,903,800	77,926,600
Equitable	3,000,000	34,344,367	49,362,816
Guarantee	5,000,000	124,984,140	151,535,989
Madison	1,000,000	6,685,974	8,648,702
Mercantile	2,000,000	48,499,963	57,878,919
New York	3,000,000	40,769,242	55,559,185
Standard	1,000,000	16,275,237	18,694,171
Total	$19,250,000	$353,351,523	$436,505,082

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Equitable Life	$486,109,638

Morgan's street railway interests in New York city are not included in the foregoing tables. In this city there are several banks which may be considered as belonging to the Morgan group, although not really controlled by him. The National City, the Mechanics and Metals National, the Phoenix National and the Chatham National have Morgan men on their boards and their assets are undoubtedly at his service whenever desired.

No account has been taken in the figures here given of the Morgan influence in financial institutions outside of New York, nor of his connections with organizations in other countries, which would add to the total given above not less than $1,000,000,000. Mr. Morgan's aggregate power both actually controlled and indirectly influenced, is as follows:

Companies actually controlled	$4,800,000,000
Railroads and industrial companies partly financed	3,500,000,000
Other interests	1,000,000,000
Total	$9,300,000,000

Free to Suffering Women

I will mail Free a Combination Home Treatment to all writing me and who suffer in any way from Leucorrhoea, Painful or Irregular Menses, Displacements, Womb Trouble, Growths, Tumors, Ulcers, or any disease peculiar to our sex.

It cured me, and I feel it my duty to mail one Combination Treatment Free to every suffering sister. If you wish more you can get it for a few cents per week.

The Free Treatment I send has cured many and may cure you. Send now, this minute, you will not see this ad again. Address Mrs. M. Dickey, Knoxville, Tenn.

JURY DISAGREED

Prosecutor Admits He's Not Likely to Bring Her to Trial Second Time.

SCHENK CASE SUMMARY.

Nov. 9.—Mrs. Laura Farnsworth Schenk arrested at Wheeling, W. Va., charged with attempting to murder her husband by administering poison.

Nov. 10—Prisoner claims innocence throughout police inquisition.

Nov. 18—Mrs. Schenk indicted on five counts, four charging administering poison, one charging attempt.

Nov. 25—Trial set for Dec. 19.

Dec. 19—Trial postponed until January 9, so that defense could procure depositions.

Jan. 9—Trial is begun, jury being completed at first day's session.

Jan. 10—First testimony is taken.

Jan. 21—Defense rests its case after judge and jurors evince weariness.

Jan. 23—Arguments before jury are begun.

Jan. 25—Arguments are completed and jury retires.

Jan. 26—Jury reports that it is unable to reach an agreement and it is discharged.

Wheeling, W. Va., Jan. 27.—With 11 men in favor of acquittal and just one standing out for a verdict of guilty, the jury which tried Laura Farnsworth Schenk on the charge of having tried to kill her millionaire husband by poison, came into court at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon and announced that they could not possibly arrive at a unanimous decision. Judge Jordan discharged them, after asking each one if there was any hope of a verdict and receiving from each an emphatic "No."

Mrs. Schenk, almost as happy as though she had been set free, was returned to her cell in the high turret of the jail.

"My innocence has been proved," she exclaimed as she left the court room with her lawyers. "My babies can grow up without a stain upon their names. I know that if I am ever tried again I will be acquitted at once."

Another Trial Unlikely.

It is believed unlikely that she will again have to undergo the ordeal through which she passed during the three last weeks. Prosecutor Handlan made a formal motion for a new trial and declared that he wanted it begun in the present term of court before Judge Harvey, but privately he told friends that he did not believe he would ever prosecute the woman again.

"Public sentiment seems to be in her favor," he said, "and it would be hard to get another jury to convict her, in spite of the state's almost perfect case. I am bitterly disappointed at the outcome."

Mrs. Schenk's lawyers, Joseph and Frank O'Brien and Samuel Boyce were the heroes of the city last night. Congratulations were showered upon them, a banquet was given in their honor and wherever they went they were followed by admiring crowds. They believe that their client's bond will be reduced from $10,000, which she never was able to secure, to some nominal amount and that she will be set free within a few weeks."

Charge Crooked Work.

The return of the jury yesterday afternoon was accompanied by all sorts of thrills. About 4:30 Prosecutor Handlan, who had been pacing nervously up and down the court house corridors, suddenly appeared before Judge Jordan and asked for the discharge of the jury. Then came the first bit of excitement. Attorney Joseph O'Brien said:

"Your honor, we have a request to make, too. We insist that the deputies who have had charge of this jury be replaced and that some lodging place other than the Hotel Stamm be found for the jurors. It has come to our knowledge that attempts were made to use money; that part of the Schenk millions are to be expended to bring about a verdict of guilty."

Before the judge could make any reply word came to the court room that the jury was about to return. They filed in and took their seats and the foreman, Philip Burke, said: "Your honor, we are unable to agree."

Juror No. 12, Frank Knau, jumped up in his seat and said: "No, we can't agree, but we stand 11 to 1 for not guilty."

"Here! Here! You must not say anything about that!" exclaimed Judge Jordan, banging his gavel on the bench. "Yes, eleven to one, and there's the one," repeated Juror Knau, pointing directly to Isaac Hayman, who sat directly in front of him. "Eleven of us want to acquit her."

Again the judge hammered his bench, but the jurors, all excited, nodded their heads and several of them pointed to Hayman. He nodded his head, too, as though asserting his position. Mrs. Schenk, who had been sitting confidently with her lawyers, smiled happily and patted the O'Brien boys on the shoulders. Prosecutor Handlan sat gloomily alone with his arms folded and with as much resignation in his face as he could summon.

FLEE THE PLAGUE IN PEKIN

Foreigners Leave City on Learning of 18 Deaths.

Pekin, Jan. 26.—Despite the efforts at secrecy maintained by the authorities, it was learned today that there have been at least 18 deaths from the bubonic plague in this city within the last seven days. The districts where the infection is found have been isolated, but the authorities were so lax in taking action that hundreds were exposed to it before the quarantine went into effect. Residents of the foreign colony are fleeing the city. So serious has the situation become at Tien Tsin and Pukow that all railway traffic has been suspended.

TAFT PLANS SOUTHERN TRIP

Washington, Jan. 27.—Early in March, immediately after congress adjourns, President Taft will make a short swing through the south, winding up at his home town, Cincinnati, where he will spend several days before returning to the national capital. While the exact itinerary has not been arranged, the President expects to be away from Washington about a week and the places at which he expects to stop are Anderson, S. C.; Atlanta, Nashville, Chattanooga and Cleveland. He will be in Atlanta on March 10, where he will address the Southern Commercial congress at the closing session of its convention. In Cincinnati he will speak to the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick on March 17.

Wrinkles Vanish Over Night

Bust Develops Quickly

NO MORE FAT FOLKS

BEAUTY BOOK FREE

Wonderful Beauty Secrets Revealed by Famous Beauty, Winner of $10,000 Prize

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR VANISHES LIKE MAGIC BY NEW TREATMENT.

Della Carson, winner of the Chicago Tribune Beauty Contest, tells womankind how to obtain symmetry and grace. How to reach the goal of feminine perfection, and best of all, how to do these things at home quickly.

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CONTENTS:

How to develop the bust quickly.
How to remove deep lines and wrinkles.
How to fill out hollow cheeks.
How to reduce fat and double chin quickly.
How to remove pimples, blackheads and freckles.
How to restore grey hair to its natural color and prevent hair falling out.
How to make red, rough hands and arms beautiful.
How to round out neck and shoulders to beautiful proportions.
How to remove superfluous hair, warts & molds.
How to make the complexion fresh and youthful.
How to cure aching, perspiring feet, corns and bunions.

Copyright, 1911, by Della Carson.

A good figure means more than a pretty face and is every woman's birthright. A woman does not have to be born beautiful to be beautiful, but by cultivating and developing a beautiful figure and a clear, lovely complexion, free from blemishes and wrinkles, you make yourself so attractive that you are admired, although your face is not beautiful.

Della Carson, Chicago's beauty expert, and winner of the $10,000 Beauty Prize, is recognized as the most expert beauty culturist the world has ever known, and she practices only simple, natural methods of beautifying the face, and form. She made herself the beautiful woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance by simple, harmless methods of her own. No poisonous drugs, but harmless private home methods are responsible for her beautiful face and figure.

With these marvelous secrets of beauty before you, any woman should make a wonderful improvement in her appearance quickly, and judging by what many others say regarding the wonderful new method, you should quickly banish your wrinkles, remove your fat, develop your bust, beautify complexion, build up sunken flesh, beautify your eyelashes, and obtain a luxuriant growth of hair and make yourself look from fifteen to thirty years younger.

This great beauty book treats on a wonderful new process that makes wrinkles disappear in from one to two nights in many instances, that commences to grow new flesh and tissue in from 24 to 48 hours. It contains startling pictures of living women which show the marvelous transformations made in a woman's appearance by removing her wrinkles, enlarging her bust, rounding out a thin, scrawny neck and building up hollow cheeks.

Every wife, mother, girl or sweetheart—rich or poor, old or young—who values her youth and beauty, should write at once for a copy of this great book. Arrangements have just been made, whereby all our readers may receive absolutely free this wonderful book, provided you will cut out and send in coupon below and your name and address, plainly written.

Della Carson, Chicago's famous beauty expert, is the author of this valuable, new beauty book, and it is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results of this new process for removing wrinkles and developing the bust and reducing fat.

Alice Hayes, of California, writes that her wrinkles disappeared in three nights. Mrs. Albert Wharton writes in, her bust developed to beautiful proportions, and wrinkles gone forever. Gertrude Maston writes in that she removed her double chin and seventy pounds of excess fat in three weeks by this remarkable method. Anna Morgan writes, she reduced a large bust and excess fat, and removed superfluous hair and beautified her lashes and eyebrows by these remarkable methods.

Mrs. H. S. Wells writes in and says: "I am 50 years old. My wrinkles were very deep and of long standing. I was startled the next morning to see my face in the mirror. The changed appearance was wonderful. I looked 30 years younger. Your wrinkle treatment is certainly quick and remarkable."

Mrs. Jennie Lee, of Indiana, writes: "Your external treatment for reducing fat quickly is marvelous. I lost eighty pounds in four weeks. I never saw such a quick fat reducing treatment in my life."

Simply cut out the coupon below and mail at once, as explained in coupon, and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

Toledo Weekly Blade.

This coupon entitles you to one copy of the new beauty book entitled, "True Secrets of Beauty," postage prepaid, as explained in article above. Cut out this coupon and send it with your name and address, plainly written, or send name on postal card directly to Della Carson, Suite 1041, Dearborn Building, Chicago, Ill., and the book will be sent you by return mail, and she will send you everything she agrees to send absolutely free.

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RAISE FOR TAFT'S SECRETARY

Despite Opposition, Senate Votes Salary of $10,000 a Year.

Washington, Jan. 27.—The senate yesterday adopted the amendment to the executive, legislative and judicial appropriation bill increasing the salary of the secretary to the President from $6,000 to $10,000. The vote was 35 to 22.

The insurgent Republicans and most of the Democrats voted against the proposed increase. Before the vote was taken there was a lively brief debate. Senator Jeff Davis of Arkansas made a point of order that the amendment was new legislation. Vice President Sherman overruled the point.

"I appeal from the decision of the chair," suggested Senator Davis.

"I move to lay that appeal on the table," observed Senator Hale. Before Senator Davis was aware of it, his "appeal" was on the table.

Senator Bailey, who demanded and secured the roll call on the proposed increase, criticized it. He said it was indefensible to pay the President's secretary a salary of $10,000 which was $2,500 more than it paid senators or representatives and more than is paid to United States circuit judges.

"I shall not say more at this time than this," said the senator from Texas, "than that if the President is in need of that kind of a secretary the country is in need of another kind of President."

INDIANA TAKES CORN PRIZE

Nineteen-Year-Old Boy Gets Prize of $1,000.

Columbus, Jan. 30.—Indiana still retains its lead as the state that raises the best corn in the world, according to the National Corn Exposition judges, who passed on the best samples of corn previous to the opening of the exposition today.

Roy D. Clore, aged 19, of Franklin, Ind., is the winner of the championship trophy for 10 ears' showing, valued at $1,000, donated by the Indiana

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

"GOLD DUST"

BY ELIZABETH

THE other evening I was "tending baby" for a lady friend of mine, during her brief, but necessary absence. It was not much of a task to tend this baby at this time, as he was much absorbed in playing little Fast Asleep, so there was nothing for me to do except to keep still while I kept watch and guard over the slumber of Little Son in case he should awaken and call for help, or someone should try to steal him, or one of the countless not-likely-to-happen things should come to pass and there should be need of first aid to the injured.

As it really happened, nothing happened. There was no sound to disturb my vigil, except Little Son's heavy breathing. The reason he breathed heavily was because he had a cold in his head and could not breath any other way. If he had been a grown-up person, under the same breathing circumstances, Little Son would have been accused of snoring.

While I was keeping watch and guard in precaution against the things which might happen, but did not, I picked up a little book lying on a table. It was one of the pocket volumes which are always so attractive. Its title was Gold Dust. A further examination developed that the little book was a translation from a collection of written thoughts, published in France, under the title of Paillettes d'Or. This the preface explained. The introduction told whence the name came, and the whence was this:

In the south of France, during the summer, little children and old and infirm poor, who are incapable of hard work, in order to earn a livelihood employ themselves in searching the beds of dried-up rivers for Paillettes d'Or, or golden dust, which sparkles in the sun, and which the water carries away as it flows.

It was from this the little collection of "gold dust" was named.

Chance brought it into my hands, and chance brought to my attention one of its marked passages. One always reads the marked passages in a book, and in this little book there were several. The first one which was penciled seemed to me the best, or at least, it made the greatest "hit" with me, which is the reason I am passing it on. We all have a way, you know, of thinking what appeals to us should be equally appealing to others. In the present case, I do not believe that anyone can find fault, or get up an argument against this:

"IS IT FAIR, ALWAYS TO FORGET ALL THE GOOD, OR KINDNESS SHOWN TO US BY THOSE WITH WHOM WE LIVE, FOR THE SAKE OF SOME LITTLE PAIN THEY MAY HAVE CAUSED US, AND WHICH, MOST LIKELY, WAS QUITE UNINTENTIONAL ON THEIR PART."

The answer to this is easy. No, it is not fair, but injured pride, or injured over-sensitive feelings often cause forgetfulness of benefits received and much kind treatment. Over-sensitive feelings are a nuisance to have and should be put through a hardening process for the sake of being able to rest comfortably. Sensitiveness is nothing to be proud of or to nourish.

Who is there that can prove himself guiltless of never having spoken an impatient word, or of never having done anything to hurt another's feelings? It often happens that these things are done unconsciously or unintentionally, and there is no malice aforethought or previously laid plans to hurt anybody. They usually happen when something has gone wrong, or one has pain somewhere, or has not had enough sleep for the good of his good-nature. These carelessly spoken words; these thoughtless deeds, are the ones which seem to count the most; to engulf and obliterate all memory of kindness, and to bring forgetfulness of the qualities which make us pleasant people to have around.

As our right, we take all the pleasant things of life As our wrongs we regard the unpleasant ones, when more likely than not, we have brought them upon ourselves.

"Since she said that to me, I can never care for her the same," is an expression of disillusion and disapproval that goes floating around the world. It is an indication of a friendship or a tender relation, sundered. The pronoun "him" is as frequently used as "she," in this sentence to exile from home and heart the friendship. Nothing counts so much as the anger or hurt which gives birth to this expression, and to the attitude of mind known as the cold shoulder.

It is not fair. When it comes home to ourselves, we are all agreed that it is not fair, but it is different when the blame lies on the other fellow.

There is a warm-hearted, tolerant, sensible woman I know, who has this for one of her sayings: "To have a friend, one must be a friend."

Friendship in home relations; friendship with those not of our kin or household, means holding together in foul, as well as fair weather. It means patience; it means not paying any lasting attention to words or actions we do not like. It means having faith and remembering the good, to the exclusion of that which has given us a pain. It means sitting tight and not saying a word until the storm blows over and there are smooth waters and smooth sailing, and "the sun is shining brightly and all nature seems to be rejoicing."

There is always some good in everyone. This I believe and always shall believe in spite of evidence, either circumstantial or proven to the contrary. in spite of what anyone may say or hold up, of the other side of humanity.

Always, there is some good in every one. This is the thing to remember and tie to in our home relations and abroad.

Whatever you do, play fair, and it is not fair to forget all the good or kindness shown to us, for the sake of one little pain, or big one, either, for that matter,

Forget it.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

It will not hurt you much to be a little, cheerful visitor, now and then. It will do you good.

Never own, not even to yourself, that you are down and out. If anyone thinks you are, fool 'em, by proving yourself up and about.

Well, what if you have made mistakes in the past? We all do. Take your medicine without crying, and never repeat the same mistakes again.

It's great to go out once in awhile when the rain is falling and play rain-in-the-face. This is one way of making the best of the weather when the sun does not shine.

This is true: When all is settled and paid, it is a case of the survival of the fittest, though the settlement may be long in coming.

Oversensitive feelings, are something to cure yourself of. They cause much needless pain.

True friendship means holding to friends, in foul as well as fair weather.

Believe the best of people instead of the worst. You will be much happier.

If you feel that you must judge, be charitable in your judgments.

As the parents are inclined, especially the mother, so will the children be bent. The least that can be done is to start them straight.

Smiles and pleasantness belong, more than to anyone else, to the folks at home.

Looking for the good in human nature, is a much more pleasant and profitable occupation than looking for the bad.

If you have a quick temper, put on the brakes before you wreck something.

If you have a hard or distasteful task to perform, do it at once and the best you can. This will make it easier.

Put off doing until tomorrow, anything which anger prompts you to do today. The chances are you will put it off forever if you wait a spell.

Contributed Recipes

Ham Salad.

Dice as much boiled ham as will be needed. Chop or cut an onion fine in the meat. Season with one teaspoonful of celery seed. Salt and pepper to taste. The dressing for this is made as follows: One cup of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Beat the yolks of two eggs and stir in the vinegar. Put on the fire and thicken with flour. Boil until it is rather thick. Have a potato mashed fine and stir in the dressing when it is done. Pour this over the ham mixture. Mix well, and serve on lettuce leaves.

Lima Bean Salad.

Cook four pork chops and one pint of lima beans. When done, chop the meat and an onion. Mix with the beans from which all juice must be drained. Use the same dressing as for the ham salad.

Green Bean Salad.

Cook, and then drain, one cup of green beans. Fry several pieces of bacon. Chop this with onion and mix with the beans. For the dressing: Take half a cup of vinegar, put in part of the bacon fat, and heat it. Then pour this over the beans, after the onion and bacon have been added. Turn a lid over the dish and let stand until served.

Corn Dumplings.

Have a rich broth in a kettle. Mix dough. Roll this like pie crust, and in each dumpling put two tablespoonfuls of corn, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter. Bring dough up around corn very securely, so the corn cannot work out, and boil in broth until done, or put in a pan with broth and bake. These recipes were sent to us by a friend in Dayton, Ohio, whose name got lost.

THE YOUNG GIRL'S HAIR

THE most popular form of hair dressing for young girls at the present time, if you take notice, seems to be principally ribbon bows of exaggerated size. The shops display many varieties of wide, soft ribbons, especially designed for this purpose, and it cannot be denied that they are both becoming and "fetching." Even the littlest girls wear ribbons on their hair as soon as they have hair enough to wear it on. These ribbons are fashioned into bands, which encircle the head and are fastened with a hook and eye. The finishing touch is given either by one large, upstanding bow worn at the top or at the side, or with two small rosettes, placed on either side of the head, just above the little girl's ears. One little fairy of a child I know wears her fluff of sun-tinted hair held back from her face with a band of black velvet ribbon. This is when she is in morning attire. When she is "dressed up" she wears either blue or pink hair ribbons, with a topknot of a bow leaning toward her left ear.

The accompanying pictures of up-to-date hair-dressing for young girls is taken from a recent number of The Delineator. The young girls shown are curly-heads, a state of affairs which simplifies hair-dressing, though straight hair may be made to curl or wave artificially.

To my way of thinking, this is not a sensible or sanitary thing to do. The instruments of hair torture, necessary for artificial curls or waves, are bad for the hair and the crimps and ringlets they make never look real. Artificiality in any form is not a good thing to cultivate in a young girl.

Straight hair with a shine on it makes beautiful braids. Clean, well-brushed hair is a thing of beauty, no matter how straight it may be.

Accordng to the account in The Delineator regarding our illustration, the little girl at the top of the picture wears her hair parted at the center, straight to the neck, and tied just back of the ears with large bows.

This is more pleasing upon the girl with the small or oval face than upon one whose face is round, as it adds breadth rather than length. If tied a little farther back, it may hang in two braids instead of curls.

Another type of parting the hair to the neck is shown just below. Here the small bows are used at the back and placed lower. The hair at the side is waved and rolled a bit where the ribbon holds it. The rest is brushed straight down to the tying. This is more generally becoming than the tying back of the ears, as shown in the first illustration.

Another very pleasing way shows the hair parted across the top of the head, the crown-piece being tied with a broad flat bow. The rest of the hair is allowed to hang. It may be in curls as shown or in a single braid, the latter being very pretty upon the girl in her early teens.

For the girl who likes the bow at the side, the hair may be parted across in the same manner and the top part tied above the ear at the right side.

For the "put up" hair there are two suggestions. In the upper illustration, where the bandeau of beads is used, the hair is brushed back and braided. The braid is then coiled about the head and the side hair pulled loose over the temples.

Ribbon, either the broad silk variety laid in folds or a narrow velvet, forms the most youthful bandeau and is universally liked by the girls.

In the other style, shown beneath, the hair is parted at the center on top and the sides rolled back from the face. The whole is then coiled at the back of the head, and a bow placed at each side where the roll joins the back.

A few short bangs across the forehead are soft and becoming to most girls.

POEMS REQUESTED

Wanted, The Song of the Barber, of which the following is a part. Down in the city, not far from this spot, a barber opened a snug little shop.

A song is asked for of which the chorus is: Behind some cloud, where no man is allowed, I'm in love with the man in the moon.

The song entitled The Bonnie Blue Flag, is requested.

A song called Sherman Valley is asked for. The following is a part: There is one little favor I ask you; will you see that my grave is kept green?

POETS' CORNER

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA

Author Unknown.

Just one year ago today, love,
I became yodr happy bride,
Changed a mansion for a cottage,
To dwell by the river side,
You told me I'd be happy,
But no happiness I see—
For tonight I am a widow,
In the cottage by the sea.

Chorus.

Alone, all alone by the seaside he left me
And no other's bride I'll be.
For in bridal flowers he decked me,
In the cottage by the sea.

From my cottage by the seaside
I can see my mansion home,
I can see those hills and valleys,
Where with pleasure I have roamed;
The last time that I met him,
Oh! how happy then were we—
But tonight I am a widow,
In the cottage by the sea.

Oh! my poor and aged father,
How in sorrow he would wail;
And my poor and aged mother,
How in tears her eyes would swell;
And my poor and only brother,
Oh! how he would weep for me,
If he only knew his sister
Was a widow by the sea.

THE OLD SOD SHANTY

By Mae Patton.

Out upon these prairies wide, where the sneaking coyotes hide,
And the breezes are so mighty prone to twist;
There's a shack of "sod house" fame, on a dandy little claim,
And its neatness is a joy you can't resist.

Now, behold! these lands are new, and the proper thing to do
Is to change your definition of a clod;
And with thanks to Uncle San, you will leave the city's jam,
And begin to build your little house of sod.

It is humble, yes, of course; but it holds the subtle force
That ignites your strongest love and bands it strong.
Maybe times are mighty hard, and your precise little pard
Will forget to hum her wonted little song.

But in spite of ups and downs, and Dame Fortune's careless frowns,
You are happy and contented—justly so;
For your home is all your own, though your cupboard lacks a bone,
And your pocketbook is always short of deugh.

But these days have passed away; there are mansions here today.
We are socially inclined and up-to-date;
And the man that built this hut is a lucky begger, but
His primeval debut is rather late.

SWEET EVELINA

By Ida F. Law.

Way down in the meadow,
Where the lilies first blow,
Where the wind from the mountains
Ne'er ruffles the rose
Lives the dear Evelina, the sweet little dove,
The pride of the valley,
The girl that I love.

CHORUS.

Oh, sweet Evelina, dear Evelina,
My love for you will never die;
Sweet Evelina, dear Evelina,
My love for you will never, never die.

She was fair as the rose,
Like the lamb, she was meek;
And she never was known
To put paint on her cheek,
And in most graceful curls
Hangs her raven-black hair,
And she never requires perfumery there.

Evelina and I,
One fine evening in June,
Took a walk all alone
By the light of the moon;
The planets all shone,
For the heavens were clear,
And I felt round the heart,
Oh, most mightily queer.

Three years have gone by,
And I've not got a dollar,
Evelina still lives,
In the green, grassy hollow;
Although I am fated
To marry her never,
I'll love her, I'm sure,
Forever and ever.

THIS, TOO, MUST PASS AWAY

By Mrs. E. C. Howarth.

Once in a banquet hall,
'Mid mirth and music, wine and garlands gay,
These words were written on the garnished wall,—
"This, too, must pass away."

And eyes that sparkled when the wine was poured
'Mid song and jest and merry minstrel lay
Turned sad and thoughtful from the festive board,
To read, 'mid pendent banner, lyre and sword,—
"This, too, must pass away."

And where are they tonight,—
The gay retainers of that festive hall?
Like blooming rose, like waxen taper's light,
They have departed all.

Long since the banners crumbled into dust,
The proud Corinthian pillars met decay,
The lyre is broken, and the sword is rust;
The kingly bards who sang of love and trust—
They, too, have passed away.

Yet genius seeks the crown,
And art builds stately homes for wealth and pride,
And love beside the household shrine kneels down,
And dust is defied;
Yet, 'midst our loves, ambitions, pleasures all,
The spirit struggles ever with the clay;
On every ear a warning voice will fall,
Each eye beholds the writing on the wall,
"This, too, must pass away."

AMANDA THE CAPTIVE

Old Song. Author Unknown.

At the foot of the meuntain, Amanda did sigh,
At the hoot of the owl, and the catamount's cry,
At the howl of the wolf, from its low granite cell,
And the crash of the dead forest tree as it fell.

At the foot of the hemlock the wild game was flung,
While above on its branches the rude hammock swung,
Where, from battle and plunder, the warriors repose,
From the toil of the day until evening did close.

There it was brought a captive, unfriendly, forlorn,
Her face bathed in blood and her garments all torn,
She counted her avengers, in wrath of her foe,
And sighed for the hour when her suffering might close.

The pile was constructed, the red light did glare,
Amanda was bound, with her white bosom bare,
While around her stood gazing that merciless throng,
Impatient to join in the war-dance song.

"Forbear!" cried Young Alvin, "your torture, forbear!
This damsel shall live, by my wampum, I swear,
This night if a victim be burned at the tree,
Young Alvin, your leader, that victim shall be."

At the close of the evening, at the dawn of the day,
A birch canoe was seen sliding away,
As swift as the wild duck that swam by their side,
Young Alvin and Amanda together did ride.

PLEASE NOTICE

Please be kind enough not to send any poetry other than in answer to requests. It is impossible to print as fast as it is wanted the poetry for which we are asked.

Be sure to write Household Editor on th envelope of all letters intended for this page.

The old war song called The Battle of Shilo, is wanted. The following is a clue: All night we lay on the cold ground.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health Happiness and
Good cheer.

WASH DAY

Dear Cozy Corner Friends:—I will visit with the Cozy Corner friends this Monday afternoon, after having put the week's washing on the line, and the house in respectable order again. Does not one feel good when this is all done? I believe that wash day, especially in winter, tries the patience of most women.

I agree with Elizabeth about practicing cheerfulness, and it takes a lot of it to tide us over wash day. I believe that most of the women who write to the Cozy Corner are like myself and have to do their own washing, but I think the women who do their own housework, are the happiest, as a rule.

I love to read all the letters to our Corner, and also in the M. G. R. There are so many noble thoughts, well expressed, that after reading, one feels like trying to live up to the best.

As this is my second letter, I will tell something of my home and family. I live on a small place in the country and keep cows and chickens. I have a good husband, and two boys. One is twelve years old, the other four. I have had three girls, all of whom passed away in infancy. I would have loved to have kept at least one, but God knows best, and I have the satisfaction of knowing they are safe from all sin and harm.

I wish all readers of The Blade a happy, prosperous New Year.—Happy Medium, Ohio.

A TRIED AND TRUE REMEDY

Dear Friends:—It is December, but we are having a beautiful, sunshiny day, with the birds singing as in the spring. We are having such fine weather for this time of year. We live in Sunny Kansas. It is a beautiful country, but nothing compares with Old Missouri for us. I was born and raised there, and lived near Reeds all of my life, until two years ago, when we came to Kansas.

How I enjoy reading The Blade! We have taken it for six years, and intend to take it as long as we live.

Sisters, try this for a cough, it is a tried and true remedy. Mix two parts of pulverized nutmeg and one part lard, or vaseline, together. Rub on the throat or chest, or put it on a cloth and lay on. This is better. It will stop a cough immediately.

We live on a farm, and have four dear little boys, the oldest in Heaven, the other three we have with us. I like the talks on training children. They are so much help. With best wishes to you all.—Hattie W., Kincaid, Kansas.

KEEP IN PRACTICE

A few weeks ago there was on this page an article about a woman who, because she could not have the things she wanted, would not do the best she could with what she had, and tried to excuse her untidy shiftless ways by saying: "What's the use of cleaning up if I have to live in such a hole as this?"

This article and going to an informal birthday party shortly after reading it, set me to thinking that if the woman who lived in "such a hole as this" had kept up her accomplishments she might have lived in a better home and kept her pretty children neat and happy.

Parents often deny themselves in order to give their girls an education—sometimes in music, elocution, painting, embroidery or something in which they are especially interested. Then, after they go to new homes and have new duties they drop all the things they enjoyed so much. Now, no doubt, there was something this woman could do well before her marriage. When her extra duties came she became tired and discouraged, neglected to keep up the employment that once gave her pleasure, and so lost her interest to a certain extent.

If she had kept up, to a certain extent, her music, painting or whatever she could do of that kind, she would have had something to interest her that would have given her rest, recreation and made many a bright hour and her children would have been pleased with what "mother" could do.

At the party I spoke of were 20 women. One of the ladies was called on to "speak a piece," and she did so, reciting as well as a young person. Then one sang and played two songs. Two other ladies recited for us, and they all were women past 50 years. They had kept up their love of such work, though they have all brought up several children. While they have nice, comfortable homes, they have worked hard and still do their own housework. There were some present who paint nicely and others who do fine needlework. It made me think if the woman in the article had some little thing she could do to brighten her life, she would soon see how her home looked, take heart and try to make it what a home should be no matter how humble.

I believe it pays for every mother to cultivate and keep in practice whatever talent she may have. It makes her and her family happier if she does not neglect her duties to gratify her own pleasure.—L. H. L., Iowa.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Please remember not to write trouble letters to this corner, or to this page. From beginning to end it is planned to make you forget trouble and to help you not to have it. The more we think and talk about trouble, the greater it grows. It is the same way with happiness, but happiness is a good thing to write and talk and think about. Believe me.—Elizabeth.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R's:—I have been a reader of your page for a long time, and have wanted to come, but until now, I have lacked the courage, however, but here I am, at last.

How many of the M. G. R's live in Ohio? I live down among the hills of little old Vinton county. Farming is the chief pursuit in this county, but there are also coal mines and gas and oil wells in operation. We are near some beautiful natural scenery, among which are the Ash Cave, the Dungeon, the Old Man's Cave, Cedar Falls and the Rock House. The Ash Cave is not, as its name implies, a cave, but it is an overhanging cliff, about 80 or 100 feet high. In early days, it received its name from the large piles of ashes, supposed to have been left from Indian camp fires. It is visited by many pleasure seekers every summer, who, in trying to add to the natural beauty, I suppose, have carved their names on the rocks. There are hundreds of names of persons from all parts of the country. At Cedar Falls, the water flows over a cliff about 60 feet high, making a beautiful waterfall.

As I have not seen any question under discussion by the M. G. R's for some time, I take the liberty of suggesting one. It is: Why is not immoral conduct as much censured in a man, as in a woman? I think that all M. G. R's will agree with me that it is not. I would like to read some opinions on this subject.

Like many other of the M. G. R.'s, I am a school ma'am. This is my second winter of wielding the birch, though I must say that the rod does not occupy a very large place in my school. I believe in using kindness rather than force with my pupils, though I must confess that sometimes I reach the point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and then some small offender receives a good shaking up.

I was married in December, and I wish I could tell you of the fun we had trying to outwit our friends who were determined, and finally succeeded, in giving us a good old-fashioned "belling."

I will close by giving a short discription of myself. I am twenty years old, am five feet and two inches tall, weigh about 140 pounds, have brown hair, brown eyes and freckles. Did I hear some one say, "I'll bet she's a peach?"

Wishing you all a happy and prosperous New Year, I will sign myself,—Sis, of Ohio.

My Dear M. G. R.'s—I am a reader of The Blade and I have been enjoying the letters very much. As I have not seen many letters from our western boys I decided to write and join your circle. I am 20 years old, have dark hair and blue eyes, and am not very large for my age. I live in dear old Oregon, among the coast range mountains, 40 miles from Portland. I was born in the little town of Buxton, and have lived there ever since. We have as fine fishing and hunting as there is in the United States. There are quantities of deer, bears and cougars. We raise an abundance of oats, wheat and all kinds of vegetables and the best of apples.

My letter is getting too long, so I had better call it closed. Good-bye, with best wishes to you all. I will sign my name, Bert, of Oregan.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Will you admit a West Virginia boy to your circle? I live in about the center of my state, in Braxton county. I see so many letters from this state I thought I would be a back number if I did not write. I live on a farm close to Twistville postoffice. I like to read the M. G. R. letters. I think they are fine.

Wyoming Cow Girl I would like to take a ride with you through the Rockies. I read in your letter when you would have your pony ready, so look out; I may be along any day. I like to hear from the western girls, as I have some schoolmates in the western states. One of them is a married Wyoming girl. I would like to correspond with some of the M. G. R.'s, and especially the Wyoming Cow Girl. I am 22 years old and single, and like most young people, I like the fair sex. If I see this in print I shall call again. I will sign my real name.—W. H. Pierson, Twistville, West Virginia.

Dear Friends—I am a subscriber of The Blade and love to read the good letters. I live away up in the mountains of old Virginia, where the blue dome of Cumberland seems to meet the hard vault of the winter sky, and its snow-capped peaks show their majesty over the surrounding country. It is fun to be out at night, when old Nero is trailing the 'possum or the coon, and to hear the "whoo! whoo!" of the big owl, as we pass through his territory.

I have a sister and three brothers and the prettiest little sweetheart this side of Jerico.—William D. Howell, Clintwood, Virginia.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Sweet Marie, of the Keystone State, in a recently received letter, calls on some of our former members who seem to have deserted us, and asks them to come back and be forgiven. She wants to know what has become of Frosty, Country Rosebud, Sweet Peas, Miss Ouri, Brunette, Larlyn Leath, Red Wing, Oregon, Illinois, New York and Michigan Baches, A Jolly Spinster, Old Maid of New York, Daisy, Lena Rivers, Cherokee Girl, Macbeth, Audie, Omega, Pennamite Jake, Luther, Cor Cordum, Zack Stubbs, Bonnie Burnie, Indiana Wabash, Dew o' June, Coralyn, Little Sister, Raoul de Coubert, English Lad, Lonesome Rustic, Lone Wanderer, Lorna Doone, Em. T. Head, Sun Flower Kid, Mr. and Mrs. Brother Jonathan, Hoosier Puer Porta, Kalia, Laps Calim, Broncho Bill, Susie and Esme Roy, Carla Mia, Naomi, Green Mountain Boy, The Raven, Queen Mab, Myrtle, Quien Sabe and Philosopher.

Where are all these now?

Be sure to write Household Editor on the envelopes of all letters sent to this page.

"AW, MARY CASSIDY"

ELIZABETH AYRES

'TWAS me that was feelin' downhearted, Donovan havin' tromped away to his job, mad wid his mornin' eatin', which was not to his likin', an' worse mad wid a pair o' new shoes he was wearin', which same was that stiff his feet wouldn't make tracks, an' him that fierce when it was home he was leavin', 'twas me that was glad whin the door was slammed on the back of him an' he was no more in sight.

What wid their pa's ugly feelin's, an' me that down-hearted, home didn't look good to the children, an' they made a get-away to school, widout bein' drove, as was the way wid thim usual, when 'tis me that has to near bat thim out o' the house to get thim goin' where there's educatin' an' pollte manners to be had for the learnin'.

No more was the house good-lookin' to me, wid the dishes standin' where they was dropped from eatin', an' the beds all tore up from sleepin', an' me wid no heart for work. Thinks I, sure 'tis me that'll cut acrost to Mary Cassidy's, her bein' wan that has sympat'y wid thim that's down-hearted, an' a way wid her that makes thim that's havin' trouble, forget how to spell it, though 'tis her that's red-headed an' sassy.

'Twas me that took an' cut acrost to Mary Cassidy's, an' 'twas her that was not at home, which was the last thing I was lookin' for offen Mary Cassidy, her not havin' mentioned when I seen her the night before, that she was expectin' to be absent the next time I come over, an' her knowin' that wid me, wan minute was the next wan, an' I might cut acrost on top of any wan of thim.

'Twas me that was thinkin' she's no lady friend of mine, that Mary Cassidy, when 'tis me that's needin' her bad, an' her not tellin' she was goin', or where she was goin' to. 'Twas her next door neighbor that took an' stuck her head out o' her door, her havin' saw me turn back from the door o' Mary Cassidy, an' her sayin', "Mrs. Cassidy is not at home," an' me well-knowin' that same.

"I could tell that for meself," says I, "thankin' you kindly for your intrust in me an' Mrs. Cassidy," says I, speakin' wid dignity.

Wid that she slams her door shut, me doin' the same wid me own. 'Twas not me that had the heart for dish-washin' an' bed-makin', though 'twas both me house was needin', let alone a good job o' scrubbin' an' me wid no heart for work!

'Tis a hard world for us women, I was thinkin', me havin' t'rowed the cat an' four kittens out o' the rockin' chair, for the purpose o' settin' down in that same meself, wid half a mind never to get out of it, when there come a rap on me door, to which "come in or stay out," says I, "'tis not me that's carin.'" when in walks Mary Cassidy, as I might of been lookin' for an' expectin', though 'tis seldom she comes wid rappin' formality.

"'Tis a fine day all over it, wid no fault to be found wid the weather," says she, walkin' in.

"Is it?" says I, speakin' indiff'rent.

"It is," says she. "'Twas me that took notice the first thing this mornin'.

"'Tis no slouch of a day,' says I to Cassidy.

"Wid the sun shinin' to beat the band an' hittin' him square in the face, 'twas not him that could deny it, in case of wantin' to, which he was not wantin' to do.

"Ann Donovan," says she, "be your looks, youse is havin' a downhearted spell. Am I a liar?"

"You are not, Mary Cassidy," says I. "'Tis the truth you do be tellin'. 'Tis me that's a sad woman this day."

"For why?" says Mary Cassidy.

"I dunno," says I, "unless 'tis Donovan. 'Twas him that was enemies wid his eatin' this mornin' an' him havin' a new pair o' shoes that stiff he couldn't make his feet track. He was that mad!"

"Was he?" says Mary Cassidy.

"He was," says I. "'Tis me that's downhearted."

"'Tis the way wid the min," says Mary Cassidy. "Bein' enemies wid their eatin' makes thim t'row fits."

"Ain't it the truth?" says I.

"It is," says she. "Give him the best you have when himself comes home tonight. It'll make his feet track better when his stomick is comforted. So 'tis wid Cassidy," says she.

"So 'tis wid Donovan," says I. "'Tis your advice I do be takin'," says I. "Mary Cassidy, youse are the wise woman."

Wid that we both gave a laugh an' 'twas me that had heart for workin', which I took an' done, wid Mary Cassidy sittin' by, rockin' an' holdin' a parcel conspicuous, which I had saw in her two hands when she come in me door.

"What have you there, Mary Cassidy?" says I, well knowin' 'twas the question she was waitin' to have asked, an' me willin' to favor her wid that same askin', her havin' been so comfortin' to me downhearted feelin's.

"'Tis a mere trifle I picked up this mornin' offen a man in a tay store," says she, speakin' lofty an' unwrappin' a taypot that was crawled all over wid red roses painted on an' that natural seemin' I was lookin' to see thim fade an' drop off.

"What is it?" says I, whilst well knowin'.

"'Tis a taypot," says she.

"Is it?" says I.

"It is," says she. "Do you favor it?"

"'Tis some gaudy," says I, speakin' careless. "Was it gave yez?"

"It was not," says she. "'Tis a bargain, bought offen the taystore man, marked down to thirteen cints from fifteen, bein' at the close o' the season an' him not wantin' to carry it over till the next wan comes in."

"Twould be cheap at half the price," says I, wishin' 'twas me that had the chanct to get wan like it. 'Twas the grand thing!

"'Twill be gave by me to a lady friend o' mine as a prisint, she bein' wan that'll leave me to borrow of offen her if it's me that's so wantin', she's that accommodatin'," says Mary Cassidy, wrappin' up the taypot again like 'twas di'monds.

"Is she?" says I, feelin' that downhearted.

"She is," says Mary Cassidy.

"What may her name be?" says I, speakin' wid formality.

"'Tis you that's well-knowin' that same, Ann Donovan," says she, layin' the taypot on me table, an' her givin' me a poke in the ribs, wid a smile on the face o' her that was good-lookin'.

Wid that, she up an' went home, wid me never havin' a back answer to give her, I was that struck.

Aw, Mary Cassidy!

Children's Letters

Dear Blade—I am a little girl ten years of age. I have four sisters and two brothers. I live in the country, in a very nice house. It is about three miles and a half to the nearest city. The name of the city is Ronceverte. I go to school every day. I have never been absent or tardy this season. It is about a mile to school. I get up early in the morning and start by eight o'clock. My little sister, Christine and I always start before the rest of my sisters and brothers. I go to see old grandfather Balentine most every day. He lives all alone, except his cat and some chickens. He is a great reader of The Blade.

My eldest brother is 20 years of age. He is not going to school. He likes fire engines and he plays the banjo and my youngest brother tries to dance. My teacher's name is Mr. Carl Sydenstricker. As this is my first letter, I will close with hopes of seeing it in print.—Kate Ruth Carlisle, West Virginia.

Dear Friends—I am a girl aged 11. I was 11 last September. I have one pet, that being a cat. She is about 4 years old. We have had her for about three years. I am alone here, only mamma and papa. I am the only girl or child in the family. I play with my cousin in the fourth grade. All I can say about the weather is that it is cold and rainy and windy. Hoping to see this in print, I remain your friend—Esther Bliss, Chepalis, Wash.

Dear Boys and Girls—I will write a few lines to The Blade, as I have never seen any letter from East Poultney, Vt. My father has taken The Blade for over 10 years. I am a boy, 14 years old, and I go to school. I am in the seventh grade. We had a Christmas entertainment at the school and made $22. We bought an organ and had the rooms papered.

Well, I guess I have written enough. Maybe I shall come again if my letter does not find its way to the waste basket. Your faithful reader.—Levi C. Munson, Vermont.

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ANOTHER SIMILAR CASE.

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A Home Cure Will Be Given FREE By One Who Had It.

In the spring of 1898 I was attacked by muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and have seen children with Rheumatism, and it proved a cure in every case. I will send a free trial of this precious remedy by mail, postpaid to any sufferer who writes for it. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 746 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Spirits for Rheumatism

The increased use of spirits for rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is a wonderful cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following is the formula: "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris compound and one ounce of syrup Sarsaparilla compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring." Any druggist has these ingredients or will quickly get them. Any one can mix them. This formula was published here last winter and thousands were promptly benefitted. It gives immediate relief.

HINT PENSIONS VETO

Senators Say General Grant May Be Disapproved.

Washington, Jan. 31.—Doubt as to whether President Taft would veto a general service pension bill complicated the situation in the senate committee on pensions yesterday where this proposed legislation was considered. There are two measures before the committee, the Sulloway bill, which passed the house, and which would add about $45,000,000 annually to the pension rolls, and the McCumber bill, which would add about $15,000,000. One of these measures may be reported out of committee next week.

Half a dozen speakers favored the Sulloway bill as the only one that would be generally acceptable to the old soldiers. The speakers were Representatives Sulloway, of New Hampshire, the author of the measure; Anderson, of Ohio, and Langley, of Kentucky; Gen. Eli Torrence, of Minneapolis; John King, of Baltimore, past commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.; Colonel John McElroy, of this city, and Gen. George H. Slaybaugh, of the treasury department.

Several members of the committee argued that President Taft would be embarrassed by the passage of the bill, and some senators went so far as to intimate that they "had inside knowledge" that if passed the bill would be vetoed.

BUCKS CASE IS ALL OFF

Supreme Court Refuses to Hear It—It's Settled.

Washington, Jan. 28.—The "boycott" case of the Bucks Stove & Range Co., of St. Louis, against the American Federation of Labor yesterday came to a dramatic close in the supreme court of the United States, which decided it was a moot question, and one that it would not hear.

The court in the "boycott" case concluded nothing substantial was left to be decided, when attorneys on both sides informed the court that an agreement had been entered into between the company and the Federation for the settlement of their disputes.

The court proceeded to hear arguments on the "contempt" case which arose out of the "boycott" case.

KNOX GETS HIS PAY BOOSTED

He Has Been Getting Less Than Other Cabinet Officers.

Washington, Jan. 28.—Beginning with the new fiscal year Secretary Knox will receive the full salary of $12,000, the same amount paid to his brother cabinet officers. The secretary was estopped from receiving more than $8,000 per annum by reason of the fact that the compensation of cabinet officers was increased by congress to $12,000 per annum during the term for which he was elected to the United States senate.

It is true that the secretary abandoned his senatorial office in March, 1909, but it was held that as the senatorial term to which he had been elected would not terminate until March 4, 1911, he could not profit by the increase of $4,000 in the cabinet salary until that time.

MOVES TO ESCAPE A GHOST

Father Insists Son's Apparition Haunts Old Farmhouse.

Berwic, Pa., Jan. 27.—After having been repeatedly confronted, as he believes, by the apparition of his son, Sterling, who recently died, Charles Kishbaugh has vacated his home at the foot of Seybert Hill and moved to Berwick.

Kishbaugh, a hardened man of the world as he is known, is not of the stripe to be affected easily and this fact makes the case the more remarkable. Not only does he claim to have seen his son's image in the various rooms of the house, but every time he went into his own room the apparition confronted him. He stood this for a time, but finally gave up the farm he has always owned and vacating it rented a house in Berwick.

300 PERISH IN FIRE AND TIDE

Five Villages in the Philippines Are Swept by Tidal Wave.

NINTH ERUPTION OF THIS VOLCANO IN A CENTURY.

Mount Taal rises 1,050 feet from the center of Lake Taal, province of Batangas, Luzon. It is the second volcano in importance in Luzon and has experienced eight violent disturbances preceding the present one, since 1709. It has been more or less active from time immemorial. Its most destructive eruptions occurred in 1754 and continued for a period of six months, causing much loss of life and enormous destruction of property. There were less serious outbreaks in 1808 and 1873.

In 1769 Mount Mayon was in eruption for two months, destroying the towns of Cagsauaa and Malinao, together with several villages. In 1814 it burst forth again, destroying five towns. Another eruption occurred in May, 1897, when 400 persons lost their lives. The latest outbreak, less severe, was in March, 1900.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Manila, Jan. 30.—Swept away like straws upon a mountainous tidal wave, or burned to death in the molten masses from the volcano of Mount Taal, 300 villagers in the Philippines have perished.

Five villages within a radius of a few miles felt the fury of the descending flood and few of the terrified inhabitants escaped.

Most of the natives were caught in their huts. In the night the fiery masses from the volcano lighted the sky to brilliancy. But the light served only to point out the oncoming tide which swept the fire survivors to their death.

An American school teacher, who has laboriously traversed the west shore of Lake Taal, telegraphs the tale of death.

The eruptions continued today. The sky was cloudless and there was no wind, but the muddy rain fell steadily. The natives have abandoned their village homes in the vincinity of Lake Taal and have sought refuge in the surrounding hills. Mt. Taal rises in the center of Lake Taal, a body of water not more than 15 miles in circumference. It is 34 miles from this city, from which dense clouds of smoke rising from the crater are plainly visible.

The observatory authorities believe that Manila is in no danger, but there is some alarm among the natives, who recall the destruction caused by Mount Mayon, the other volcano of Luzon, in 1897. So far, however, Mayon has shown no threatening disturbance.

Investigators of the bureau of science report that with the first violent eruption of Taal on Saturday the volcanic island appeared that sank five feet. The water of the lake, rising, swept the shores a mile inland, carrying away the bamboo shacks and catching a score of natives. Others living in the vicinity had taken warning and fled at the first rumblings of the volcano.

SENT GROVER TO WHITE HOUSE

Former Buffalo Editor Dies at Home in Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 30.—James A. Randall, lawyer, legislator and newspaper editor, died at his home in this city Sunday, after an illness of more than two years. He was born in 1848. It is stated that a notice posted, at his instance in the news room of the Buffalo Times, of which he was editor, "Boom Grover Cleveland for governor of New York state," paved the way for Mr. Cleveland to the presidency. President Cleveland, during his second term, offered him the territorial governorship of New Mexico in recognition of his services, but this honor was declined. Mr. Randall also founded the Kansas City News.

"BLONDES ALWAYS FAVORED"

Professor Says Men Have Preferred Fair Women for Ages.

Columbia, Mo., Jan. 2.—The blonde type of woman has been developed by a long, selective process in which men have favored blondes over their darker skinned sisters, says Dr. Charles Ellwood, professor of sociology at the University of Missouri. Men in all stages have favored blondes in his opinion.

Dr. Ellwood lectured here before a scientific association on "The Coloration of the Human Race."

"Women of all races are lighter skinned than the men," he said, "and children at birth are lighter skinned than adults. Primitive men were neither black nor white.

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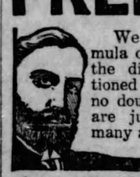


We have proven our scientific formula of Vitaline is a treatment for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it is reliable and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for,

what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference if you are very weak, hopeless and your trouble long-standing, Vitaline tablets should easily overcome it—they will not disappoint you.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY—Loss of Vitality, Nervousness, Weakness, Twitching, Jerking, Easily Excited, Wormout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloated, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

FILL COUPON BELOW

by writing your name and address. Send just 10c in stamps or coin to get the bottle packed and pay postage. This is all you have to do to get a full bottle of Vitaline Tablets free. We give you the $1 bottle without cost or obligation to prove what a wonderful remedy Vitaline Tablets are. We know when you have taken them you'll say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine.

Vitaline tablets act on the Vital Organs that generate vitality and create the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and health. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so fast and completely you never know there was anything the matter.

Vitaline tablets are guaranteed by us under the U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Law by Guarantee No. 3877. You never had anything like them, combining their wonderful curing and strengthening powers.

We send you our illustrated book, "Vitality." You have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people benefited after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline tablets.

Exact size of Bottle containing 120 Vitaline tablets.

ENCLOSE 10 CENTS IN STAMPS OR COIN, for Postage, Packing, Etc. AMERICAN HOME TREATMENT CO., Dept. 108 Marine Building, Chicago. I enclose amount for postage and packing. Send at once by mail in plain package, $1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets, without cost or obligation to me.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

BABY'S HAIR ALL CAME OUT

"When my first baby was six months old he broke out on his head with little bumps. They would dry up and leave a scale. Then it would break out again and it spread all over his head. All the hair came out and his head was scaly all over. Then his face broke out all over in red bumps and it kept spreading until it was on his hands and arms. I bought several boxes of ointment, gave him blood medicine, and had two doctors to treat him, but he got worse all the time. He had it about six months when a friend told me about Cuticura. I sent and got a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment, in three days after using them he began to improve. He began to take long naps and to stop scratching his head. After taking two bottles of Resolvent, two boxes of Ointment and three cakes of Soap he was sound and well, and never had any breaking out of any kind. His hair came out in little curls all over his head. I don't think anything else would have cured him except Cuticura. I have bought Cuticura Ointment and Soap several times since to use for cuts and sores and have never known them to fail to cure what I put them on. Cuticura Soap is the best that I have ever used for toilet purposes." (Signed) Mrs. P. E. Hermon, R. F. D. 2, Atoka, Tenn., Sept. 10, 1910.

Cuticura Remedies are sold everywhere.

WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, Jan. 23.—Senate—Senator Gamble, of South Dakota, spoke in support of the favorable report upon the election of William Lorimer returned by the committee on elections. Senator Flint, of California, spoke in opposition to the Cummins resolution, touching tariff revision. There was some discussion of public health bills pending.

House—Consideration was given the postoffice appropriation bill. A provision was adopted that after July 1, 1916, all mail cars in the service shall be of steel construction throughout.

Tuesday, Jan. 24.—Senate—The chief features of the day were speeches by Senator Depew opposing the popular election of United States senators. Senator Smoot against schedule-by-schedule revision of the tariff and Senator Lodge supporting the Ballinger ocean mail bounty bill. The Indian appropriation bill was before the senate.

House—The postoffice appropriation bill, carrying $257,000,000, was passed after having been considered for several days. An amendment was adopted after spirited debate fixing the salaries of rural mail carriers at $1,000 a year. Later the District of Columbia appropriation bill was taken up.

Wednesday, Jan. 25.—Senate—Senator Root spoke in support of the ocean mail subsidy bill. The cause of William Lorimer was championed by Senator Paynter, of Kentucky. The Indian appropriation bill was passed. During its discussion former Senator Marion Butler, of North Carolina, was denounced by Senator Jeff Davis, of Arkansas, for connection with a claim for $1,500,000 for attorneys' fees.

House—The Moon bill providing for the codification of the judiciary laws was before the house, but no great progress in its consideration was made. Efforts to increase the salaries of circuit court judges failed.

Thursday, Jan. 26.—Senate—The day was devoted largely to speeches on the ocean mail ship subsidy bill and the Lorimer investigation, Mr. Shively, of Indiana, opposing the former and Mr. Cummins, of Iowa, criticising the committee on privileges and elections for its failure to pursue the inquiry as to whether Mr. Lorimer was cognizant of the bribery that was proven as existent in the Illinois legislature at the time of his election. The legislative, executive and judiciary appropriation bill was passed. The pay of the secretary to the President was fixed at $10,000 a year. A message from President Taft transmitting the trade agreement reached with the Canadian commissioners was received.

House — The President's message transmitting the Canadian trade agreement was received. The day's proceedings were enlivened by an inquiry as to why 49 days had elapsed without the reports in the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation having been printed for distribution.

Friday, Jan. 27.—Senate—The senate today decided to hold no session tomorrow and adjourned until Monday on motion by Senator Hale, the Republican leader. Most of the day was occupied by Senator Cummins, who concluded his speech opposing the majority report of the Lorimer investigating committee.

House—In the house the District of Columbia appropriation bill was under discussion.

Saturday, Jan. 28.—The house spent today in consideration of the District of Columbia appropriation bill. Progress was made and the bill may be passed Monday.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, Jan. 31.—Butter—Creamery, extra, 27½@28c; prints, 28½@29c; firsts, 26½@27c; seconds, 25½@26c; fancy dairy, 20@21c; choice, 18@19c; fancy roll, 19@20c; choice rolled, 16@17c; process, extras, 23½@24c; process firsts, 22½@23c; prints, 1c extra packing. 14@14½c. Cheese—Full cream, fancy York state, 16@17½c; Ohio, full cream, 15@16½c; new Swiss, No. 1, 20@21c; No. 2, 18@19c; brick and limburger, 17@18c. Eggs—Fresh gathered, extra, firsts, 25c; do current receipts, 24c; do seconds, 20c; refrigerator, extras, 18c; refrigerator, firsts, 17c. Poultry, alive—Fowls, 14c; light chickens, 13c; springers, 14c; ducks, 17@18c; turkeys, 18@22c; geese, 13@16c. Dressed poultry, 1@2c higher.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Jan. 31.—Butter steady, creameries 17@25c; dairies 16@22c. Eggs weak, receipts 5,960 cases; at mark, cases included 17@19c; firsts 21½c; prime firsts 22½c. Cheese steady, daisies 13@13½c; twins 13@13½c; young Americas 15½@16c; long horns 15@15½c. Potatoes easy, choice to fancy 46@48c; fair to good 42@45c. Poultry steady, turkeys live 15c; dressed 21c; hens live 13c, dressed 19c; springs live 12c, dressed 12c; Veal steady, 50 to 60 lb. wts. 8½c; 60 to 85 lb. wts. 10½c; 85 to 110 lb. wts 11½c.

New York Produce.

New York, Jan. 31.—Butter steady and unchanged, receipts 8,324. Cheese steady unchanged receipts 3,209. Eggs irregular, receipts 17,908; fresh gathered selected extras 23½@24½c; do first 22½c; do seconds 20@22c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby henney white 23@36c; do gathered white 30@32c; do henney brown 24@25c; do gathered brown and mixed 22½@24c; western gathered white 28@33c.

Poultry, dressed quiet; western chickens 13½@18½c; fowls 14½@16c; turkeys 16@24c.

I Cured My Rupture

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today

Free Rupture-Cure Coupon

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS,
Box 682 Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Jan. 31.—When it became apparent that Liverpool would not be affected as much as expected by yesterday's American decline, holders took courage and supported the market. This with covering by shorts gave the situation a feeling of comparative strength. Back of all arguments that bulls present, lies the fact that cash wheat and flour are but little wanted, either by domestic or foreign buyers. Toledo cash and May opened unchanged at 98⅛c and 98⅝c and July at 95½c. The near month lost ¼c and the far future ⅛c in the first half hour.

Wheat appeared narrow, trading affair all day with scaling, furnishing what little interest the market afforded. Attention of traders was shunted somewhat to the easy tone in oats. Cash closed unchanged at 95¼c, May ⅛c off at 98⅝c, July ⅛c lower at 95⅜c.

In face of bearish pressure, stocks of corn do not accumulate to any extent. This leads many traders to feel friendly to the cereal. Toledo May opened ¼c higher at 51⅝c and July ⅛@¼c advanced at 52⅝c. A gain of ⅜c was made in both options later in the morning.

Out of Illinois come reports that farmers are well stocked with corn, both old and new. Cash closed at 47¼c, May at 51⅜c, and July at 52⅛c.

Oats continued dominated by other cereals, opening ⅛c higher and holding steady the greater part of the morning hours. May started at 37c and July at 36⅝c.

After the early part of the day oats began to ease off on general liquidation, brought on, it is believed, by holders selling out May and buying the same option in corn. Cash oats closed at 34½c, May at 36½c, and May at 36¼c.

Clover seed receipts were 465 against 300 a year ago. Shipments were 405. Cash and the near months were 5c higher in the first half hour, gaining 2½c at the opening and a similar amount around 10 a. m. Initial prices were: Cash, January, February and March $8.77½, April $8.55 and October $7.55.

Fresh buying in the face of light offerings resulted in the firmer tone. The market closed at $8.85, and cash and the near months, at $8.50 in April, and at $7.55 in October.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close—Jan.31.	Jan.30.
Wheat—					
Cash	95¼	....	95	98⅛	95¼
May	98⅜	....	98⅝	98⅝	98⅜
July	95½	96	....	95⅝	95½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	47¼	47¼
May	51⅝	....	51½	51⅝	51⅝
July	52⅝	....	52½	52⅝	52½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	34½	34⅝
May	37	....	36⅝	36½	36⅞
July	36⅜	....	....	36¼	36½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.77½	....	....	8.85	8.75
Feb.	8.77½	....	....	8.85	8.75
March	8.77½	....	....	8.85	8.75
April	8.55	....	....	8.50	8.55
Oct.	7.55	....	....	7.55	7.55
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	83	83
No. 3	....	....	....	80	80
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	4.85	4.85
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.30	9.30
March	....	....	....	9.40	9.40

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	95⅝	96¼	95⅝	96	95⅞
July	93¼	93¼	93	93¼	93
Sept.	82¼	92¼	91⅝	92	91⅞
Corn—					
May	49½	....	49⅜	49⅜	49½
July	50⅝	....	....	50⅛	50½
Sept.	51⅝	....	....	51⅜	51⅝
Oats—					
May	33⅝	34	33⅝	33½	33⅞
July	33⅝	....	33⅜	33⅜	33⅝
Sept.	32⅞	32½	32½	32⅝	32⅜

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.08⅛	....	1.01	1.01⅝	1.01⅛
July	1.00	....	....	1.00⅛	1.00

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	96⅝	97	96½	96⅝	96½
July	91⅝	....	....	91½	91½

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.03	1.02⅜
July	....	....	....	1.03⅞	1.03⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.04⅝	1.04⅛
July	....	....	....	1.05¼	1.04⅝

WINNIPEG.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	96⅜	96½
July	....	....	....	97⅝	97⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan	23.00	....	....	25.00	23.00
May	18.35	18.37	18.22	18.30	18.37
July	17.72	....	....	17.67	17.85
Lard—					
May	9.80	9.82	....	9.80	9.82
July	9.70	....	....	9.70	9.72
Sept.	9.72	9.75	....	9.72	9.77
Jan.	....	....	....	9.82	....
Ribs—					
May	9.82	....	....	9.77	9.82
July	9.60	....	....	9.57	9.65
Sept.	....	....	....	9.60	9.67

New York Stocks.

New York, Jan. 31, 1911.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	120⅛	123	120	123
Am. Loco. com.	41	41¼	41	41¼
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	116½	116½	116½	116½
Atchison	106¾	106½	105⅞	106½
Am. Car and F. Co.	55⅜	55⅝	55¼	55¼
Anaconda	39	39	38⅛	38⅛
Amal. Copper	63⅜	64	63	63⅛
Am. Smelters	78	78⅝	78	78⅝
Am. Ag. Chem. Com.	52	52½	52	52½
Am. Tel. and Tel.	144¾	145	144¼	145
Am. Cotton Oil	60¾	60⅝	60	60⅜
Am. Beet Sugar	41¾	41⅝	41¼	41⅜
Balt. and Ohio	109¼	109⅝	109¼	109⅝
Blyn. R. Trans.	77⅜	77⅝	77⅜	77½
Cast. I. Pipe pfd.	53	53	53	53
Beth Steel com.	33¼	33⅜	33	33¼
Chicago and G. W.	23¼	23½	23¼	23½
Chicago G. W. pfd.	47¼	48½	47	48⅛
Canadian Pac.	209	209	208½	209
Clover Leaf pfd.	51¾	51¾	51	51¾
Colorado Fuel	35¾	35⅝	35¼	35⅜
Ches and Ohio	84⅝	85¼	84⅝	85¼
Central Leather	31½	31½	31¼	31½
Consolidated Gas	142⅝	143⅝	142½	142⅝
Can pfd.	80⅝	81½	80⅝	81½
Corn Product com	13⅝	13⅝	13⅝	13⅝
Del. and Hudson	168⅝	168⅝	168⅝	168⅝
Distillers Sec	34⅞	34⅝	34¼	34⅜
Erie com.	29¼	29⅛	28⅞	29⅛
Erie 1st pfd.	47⅝	48	47⅝	48
Gt. Northern pfd.	128⅝	128⅝	127⅝	128⅜
Gt. Northern Ore	60	60¼	60	60¼
Ill. Central	137½	137½	137½	137½
Int. Harvester com.	116	116	115½	116
Interborough com.	19½	19½	19½	19½
Interborough pfd.	54	54¼	54	54¼
K. C. Sou. com.	33⅞	34	33⅞	34
Louis. & Nash.	144⅞	145¾	144½	145⅝
Laclede Gas	112⅝	112⅝	112½	112⅝
Missouri Pacific	51	51⅛	50⅝	50⅞
M. K. T. & T. com.	35⅝	35⅝	35⅜	35⅝
Nor. Pacific	122	124	121⅝	124
Nevada Con's	18⅝	18⅞	18⅝	18⅞
Northwestern	147	147⅝	147	147⅝
North Am. Co.	72⅝	73⅛	72⅝	73
N. Y. Central	112⅝	113¼	112⅝	113¼
N. & W. com.	107⅝	107⅞	107	107⅜
N. and W. Con. 4's.	107¼	107¼	106⅝	107
Ont. & Western	42¼	42⅝	42⅛	42⅜
P. S. Car Co. com.	33⅞	34	33⅝	33⅞
Penn. Ry.	127⅝	128½	127⅝	128⅛
Reading com	157	157⅝	156⅝	157⅝
Rock Island	32⅝	33⅛	32⅝	33⅛
Rock Island pfd.	64⅛	64¼	64	64⅛
Rep. I. and S. Co.	34⅞	34⅞	34⅝	34⅝
Rep. pref.	98¼	98⅝	98	98
So. Ry.	28¾	28⅝	28	28⅛
So. Ry. pref	65¾	66	65⅝	65⅞
St. Paul	130¾	130⅝	129½	130⅝
South. Pacific	119½	120⅛	119⅛	119⅝
So. Pac. Con. 4s	98⅜	98½	98⅝	98⅝
Texas Pacific	27½	27¾	27¼	27⅜
Tenn. Copper	36	36	35⅝	36
Union Pacific	176⅜	178¼	176⅛	177⅝
Union Pac. pfd.	93⅜	93⅜	93⅛	93⅜
Un. Pac. Con. 4s	105¼	105¼	105¼	105¼
U. S. Steel	79½	80	78⅝	80
U. S. Steel pfd.	119½	119¾	119¼	119⅝
U. S. Steel 5s	104⅞	105	104⅞	104⅞
U. S. Rubber com.	39⅝	42⅜	39⅝	42⅜
Utah Copper	45	45¼	44⅝	45⅛
Virginia Chem.	67⅜	67⅝	66¾	67
Wabash pfd.	35⅝	35⅝	35½	35⅝
Western Union	74⅜	75¼	74⅝	75¼

Money and Stocks.

New York, Jan. 31.—(Wall Street.)—The stock market showed a firm undertone at the opening today. The Hill shares were strong, Northern Pacific advancing ⅝ and Great Northern ⅜. Lehigh Valley, General Electric and American Sugar opened half up, although Lehigh Valley quickly lost its gain. Further strength was shown by the fertilizer issues. The Harriman stocks were heavy and Canadian Pacific lost ¾.

Moderate buying advanced prices a trifle in the early trading, Lehigh Valley and Amalgamated Copper being especially firm. The upward movement was arrested, however, by heavy selling of United States Steel which sold ⅝ below yesterday's close, and the rest of the list also sagged. United States Pipe preferred improved 2 points.

Traders were reluctant to commit themselves in advance of the publication this afternoon of the United States Steel Corporation's quarterly report and the market was narrow and hesitating through the morning session. United States Steel was feverish and ruled generally below yesterday's final prices. The market in general acted in sympathy with the course of this issue, but a few stocks moved independently, notably Northern Pacific, which advanced 1⅜ to 122⅞. Toward midday there was a decided improvement all around in the market's tone, and the list averaged a trifle above last night. Bonds were steady.

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Jan. 31.—Hog receipts were light and the market slow. Dull-ness was due to sympathy with other markets. Other live stock held steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $8.00@8.15; good mediums, $8.10@8.20; heavy yorkers, $8.25@8.40; yorkers, $8.40@8.50; good mixed, 150 lbs. and up, $8.20@8.30; good pigs, $8.40@8.50; bulk of sales, $8.20@8.30; stags and roughs, $6.00@7.00.

Cattle—Prime steers,

We Want to Send You Our New Catalog and Style Book Will Save You 1/2

on Groceries, Clothing, Furniture, Shoes and Other Household Supplies

Contains 100 pages of money saving items. Write a postal for it today and see how you can get our Guaranteed Groceries at a saving of one-half. For instance: Laundry Soap at 2½c a bar; Baking Powder, 12½c a can; Toilet Soap (3 bar box), 12½c; Starch, 5c a box—everything at ½ usual cost.

1500 Premiums Given

with orders for these Guaranteed Products. Thirty days trial—no money in advance—money back if not satisfied. Write for Catalog and learn how to furnish your home throughout without a cent of extra cost on our money saving Factory-to-Home Plan.

Given Free with $10 worth of Products.

CROFTS & REED CO., Dept. B 207, Chicago

I sell my new reversible, one-piece, yarn and flax woven, Near Brussels Art Rug, size 9x6 feet, direct from factory to you for $3.50 express paid by me. If it isn't as I say, return it at *my expense* and I return your money.

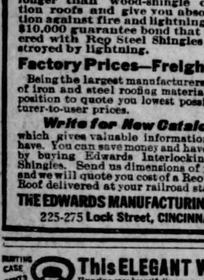
Send postal to-day for handsome catalog, free, showing my rugs in actual colors.

I Am the Rug Man

For seven years I have made and sold thousands of rugs direct from my factory to the purchaser at factory prices.

I cut out all middlemen's profits—I have no jobbers' nor dealers' profits to pay. I give the purchaser—you—all advantage of these profits and sell you my rugs at actual factory prices — at a lower price than your own dealer could buy them.

I am now making and selling a new rug that is proving immensely popular. I call them my Near Brussels Art Rugs. These rugs are beautiful in design and lasting in color.



This quarter section gives you an idea of my splendid rug.

I make them in one piece—of staple yarn combined with flax—no seams to rip out. They are reversible (use both sides), washable and durable.

Many of my rugs that I sold seven years ago are still in use—almost as good as new.

Here are the Sizes & Prices	
9x6 ft.	$3.50
9x7 1-2 ft.	4.00
9x9 ft.	4.50
9x10 1-2 ft.	5.00
9x12 ft.	5.50
9x15 ft.	6.50

You Judge by Their Merits at My Expense

I don't ask you to take my word for my rugs, however.

I'll send you one on receipt of price.

I pay all express charges myself.

You can examine the rug.

Then, if it isn't as I say it is, send it back—express charges collect—and I return your money.

Send for handsome art catalog free—showing rugs illustrated in actual colors

I have a mighty handsome catalogue illustrating my rugs in actual colors. I will send this catalogue to you free of charge on receipt of a postal giving your name and address and saying, "Please send me your catalogue." This is my second announcement of this publication and I will receive thousands of requests for my catalogue and I want you to write today—NOW. Address

ROBERT C. GREER, 995 Bourse Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

References: Any Commercial Agency---Any Bank in Philadelphia.

MAPLEINE FLAVORING

Use it like lemon and vanilla. A delicious syrup is made by dissolving white sugar in water and adding Mapleine. Grocers sell Mapleine; if not, send 35c for 2oz. bottle and recipe book. Write to Dept. S CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, Wash.

Edwards Interlocking "Reo" Steel Shingles

Need No Repairs! They Last as Long as the Building

They are stamped of best Bessemer Steel 5 to 12 feet long and 24 inches wide. They are made either in plain steel, painted on both sides, or heavily galvanized. They will not rust nor corrode. The interlocking feature covers the nails and provides for expansion or contraction.

Put Them On Yourself

Anyone can lay these shingles on any roof. Just a hammer and a few nails is all you need.

Edwards Interlocking Reo Steel Shingles will save money for you. They will last longer than wood-shingle or composition roofs and give you absolute protection against fire and lightning. We give a $10,000 guarantee bond that no roof covered with Reo Steel Shingles will be destroyed by lightning.

Factory Prices—Freight Prepaid

Being the largest manufacturers of every kind of iron and steel roofing material, we are in a position to quote you lowest possible manufacturer-to-user prices.

Write for New Catalog 275

which gives valuable information you should have. You can save money and have a better roof by buying Edwards Interlocking Reo Steel Shingles. Send us dimensions of your building and we will quote you cost of a Reo Steel Shingle Roof delivered at your railroad station. (36)

THE EDWARDS MANUFACTURING COMPANY

225-275 Lock Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO

This ELEGANT Watch $3.95

Hunting case, gents' or ladies' size. Hunter case beautifully engraved, gold finished throughout, stem wind and stem set. Fitted with a 7 jewel American made lever movement GUARANTEED 20 YEARS with long gold finished chain for ladies or vest chain for gents. IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let us send it without expense to you C.O.D. express paid by us for examination at your nearest express office, and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $10.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent $3.95 and it is yours. Our 20 year guarantee goes with each watch. Mention if you want Ladies', Men's or Boys' size. Address H. C. FARBER, R22, 225 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

5 Fine POST CARDS FREE

Send only 2c stamp and receive 5 very choicest gold embossed cards FREE, to introduce post card offer. Capital Card Co., Dept. 210, Topeka, Kan.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY Marriage directory free. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314 W. G., Kansas City, Mo.

ITALY FEARS TURKISH WAR

Holds Warships Ready — Thinks Young Turks Want to Show Off.

Washington, Jan. 26. — Dispatches from the near East which reached the state department yesterday indicate a precarious state of affairs in the countries bordering in the south of Europe. The Turko-Italian dispute has been further complicated by the departure of the battle ship Pisa from Italy and the orders given to the battleships San Giorgio and San Marco to hold themselves in readiness to sail. It is believed that this move is the forerunner of a naval demonstraton against Turkey, it being considered that the "Young Turks" have selected Italy as the best country to pick a quarrel with in order to show the strength of the new government.

A Hint.

Brooklyn Life.

Teacher—"I have been trying for some time to get the room so quiet that we could hear a pin drop. I have dropped the pin several times, but you have been making so much noise that it has been impossible to hear it. What do you think we had better do, children?"

Reddy Backrow—"Tie a dumb bell to it next time, teacher."

Ladies & Gents Watches FREE

We give all styles of Watches for selling 20 pkgs. fine Art Post Cards at 10c per pkg. Order 20 pkgs. today. When sold, send us the $2.00 and we will send ring as shown at HEART GUARANTEED WATCH, also a FINE SIGNET RING and a CHAIN; postpaid, as per our premium list. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING. Write us to-day. BELMONT MFG. CO., Dept. 100 CHICAGO

CANADIAN PACT DROPS DUTIES ON FOOD, SLASHES ON OTHERS

Washington, Jan. 27.—In the Canadian reciprocity agreement now before the senate, it is proposed that a large number of articles now dutiable shall go on the free list. Following is a list of the things that will be on the free list:

Cattle, now dutiable at the rate of from $2 each to 27.5 per cent, coming into the United States and at 25 per cent going into Canada.

Every Canadian hog now pays $1.50 when it crosses the line, and so does a sheep, while the American porker is taxed 1½ cents a pound when he enters Canada, and sheep pay 25 per cent.

Canadian poultry now pays a duty of 5 cents a pound dead and 3 cents alive, and American poultry crossing into Canada pays 2 per cent.

Canadian wheat is taxed 25 cents a bushel entering America, which is more than double the rate American wheat costs imported into Canada.

Food products, such as oats, barley and buckwheat, now pay duty ranging from 15 to 45 cents a bushel coming from Canada, and from 10 cents to 25 cents entering Canada from the United States. Hay pays $4 a ton going to Canada, and $2 returning.

Onions, potatoes and dried fruits, cheese, fresh milk and eggs now pay considerable duties, as much as 25 cents a bushel in the case of potatoes, and 5 cents a dozen for eggs of Canadian production.

Canadians now pay a duty of 17.5 per cent on cotton seed oil, and Canadian flaxseed is now taxed 25 cents a bushel.

All kinds of garden seeds now pay duties ranging from 4 cents to 10 cents a pound.

Codfish shipped into the United States—fresh or salted, or smoked—now pays a duty or ¾ of 1 cent a pound.

Halibut is now dutiable at 1 cent and herring pays ¼ cent a pound fresh and ½ cent pickled or salted. Any kind of mackerel now pays 1 cent a pound coming from or going into Canada. All other sea fish and salmon, fresh and smoked and prepared in various ways, now pay as much as 30 per cent duty on each side of the line.

American oysters are now taxed 10 cents a gallon or 3 cents to 5 cents a can. Fish oil now pays 8 cents a gallon entering into the United States and 22.5 per cent entering Canada. The present duty is 15 cents a gallon on cod liver oil imported into the United States.

The duty is 11 cents a hundred pounds on salt coming from Canada, while Canadians assess a duty of 7½ cents on American salt. Canadian timber is now dutiable at ½ cent a cubic foot; all kinds of planks of different woods are now dutiable at 50 cents to $1.25 a thousand; telegraph poles are now playing 10 per cent and pickets 10 per cent.

American tin plate and crucible steel wire now pay 5 per cent duty.

Barbed wire fencing coming from Canada now pays ¾ of 1 cent a pound.

Following is a list of articles, now dutiable, in which the duties will be lowered:

Mutton and lamb, 1¼ cents a pound, a reduction of ¼ cent on Canadian mutton and 1¾ cent on American mutton. The same rates apply to other fresh meats. Bacon is reduced from 4 cents to 1¼ cents coming from Canada and from 2 cents to the same figure entering Canada. About the same rate of reduction holds good in the case of salt beef, pork, dried and smoked meats, and salted meats

Canned meats coming from Canada are reduced 5 per cent to 20 per cent and crossing from the United States they will pay 20 per cent instead of 27½.

There is a reduction of ¼ cent a pound on Canadian lard and ¾ of a cent a pound on American lard.

Wheat flour from Canada, instead of 25 per cent will pay 50 cents per barrel, and American flour will pay the same rate in Canada, where it is now 60 cents.

Cornmeal from Canada will pay 12½ cents a 100 pounds instead of 40 cents, and the same meal from the United States will go in at 12½ cents a hundred, where it now pays 25 cents a barrel.

There is no reduction in the case of Canadian agricultural implements entering the United States, which will still continue to pay 15 per cent. But the American implements entering Canada will do so at 15 per cent where they now pay from 17½ to 20 per cent.

Some special Canadian implements, such as horse powers, portable engines, hay loaders, potato diggers, rollers, windmills and hay tedders, which now pay from 30 to 45 per cent duty, may hereafter come in for 20 per cent, while the Canadians reduce their own duties on the same articles from 25 per cent to 20.

American cutlery, which now pays 30 per cent entering Canada, will be reduced to 27½ per cent, and Canadain cutlery may come in at the same figures, where it now pays rates as high as 40 per cent.

American clocks and watches, now taxed 30 per cent, will go into Canada at 27½ per cent, and Canadian canoes and small boats, which now pay 35 per cent, may enter at 22½ per cent.

Automobiles and motor vehicles, which now pay 35 per cent entering Canada, will be reduced 5 per cent, and Canadian automobiles, which now pay 45 per cent when they cross the line, will enter at 30 per cent.

Bituminous coal, which now pays 52 cents a ton, may enter Canada at 45 cents a ton, and the United States affords the same rate on coal.

WHAT CANADIAN PACT DOES.

Put on Free List.

BY CANADA—Wood pulp, news print paper, grains, dairy products, fruits, vegetables, fish, live stock, cottonseed oil, tin plates.

BY UNITED STATES—Wood pulp, news print paper, grain, dairy products, fruits, vegetables, fish, live stock, rough lumber, tin plates, barbed wire fencing, mica.

Articles on Which Duty Is Lowered.

BY CANADA—Secondary food products, such as canned goods, cereal preparations, etc., agricultural implements, motor vehicles, cutlery, leather goods, plate glass, coal to 45 cents per ton, cement to 11 cents per 100 pounds.

BY UNITED STATES—Secondary food products, motor vehicles, cutlery, leather goods, plate glass, iron ore to 10 cents per ton, aluminum products, dressed lumber.

Estimated Effect in Dollars and Cents.

$4,850,000 in duties to be remitted by United States.

$2,560,000 in duties to be remitted by Canada.

United States makes free articles valued at $39,811,000.

Canada makes free articles values at $21,958,000.

United States reduces duties on articles worth $7,521,000.

Canada reduces duties on articles worth $25,870,000.

Value of articles imported in United States affected, $47,333,000.

Value of articles imported in Canada affected, $47,828,000.

Value of articles imported in United States at full rates, $4,771,000.

Value of articles imported in Canada at full rates, $85,198,000.

THE CAT COMES BACK

Walks 137 Miles to Get to Home in City From Summer Resort.

Lancaster, Pa., Jan. 27.—After a five months' journey of at least 137 miles Minnie, a big Maltese cat, is safe at home in the cottage of R. W. Hadden, No. 339 West Lemon street. Minnie walked in last night, looking fine and without any sort of greeting to her master and mistress hopped up into the chair she had been wont to occupy before the family went to Sea Isle City, N. J., to spend the summer months.

Minnie accompanied the family to Sea Isle City, but early in August she disappeared. There were several children visiting the Haddens at the time and the cat had manifested unequivocal signs of jealousy.

The family searched throughout the summer resort for the big Maltese, but could get no trace of her. Minnie was advertised for and a reward offered for her return. But Minnie was leisurely headed for home.

As the crow flies it is 137 miles from Sea Isle City to Lancaster, but as Minnie footed it, it was undoubtedly many miles more. There were several rivers to cross, including the Delaware, and it is not likely that Minnie swam them. How she got over them and still managed to keep headed for Lancaster is both a mystery and a marvel.

The cat was neither emaciated nor travel stained. She was round and plump and her coat in perfect condition. The rigors of her journey had not interfered with her careful ablutions. Her coat was extraordinarily long, as if she had put on extra wrapping against the cold weather.

It was about 9 o'clock when Minnie arrived. Mr. and Mrs. Hadden heard a familiar scratching at the door. Mr. Hadden opened the door and in walked Minnie. Mrs. Hadden thought it was an apparation and almost swooned. All hope of recovering Minnie had long been abandoned. It had been conceded that she had either gone to the bow-wows or found another home.

Even Mr. Hadden could not believe his eyes until he had examined the markings on the cat's paw and head. Then he was convinced.

WOULD PERMIT HAREM SKIRT

Solon Would Modify Statute Barring Male Attire for Women.

Madison, Wis., Jan. 25.—Assemblyman Carl Hansen, of Manitowoc, believes that laws which forbid women to wear male attire are wrong. He has a bill drawn which will allow women to wear trouserettes, or "harem skirts," something after the fashion of the garments now worn by Turkish women. Hansen, a bachelor, is on the committee on "welfare of women and children."

Kind of Dog to Own.

Rural Life.

For best results one should get a young dog and teach him his future duties gradually. Never allow him to leave the homestead alone and you will never have a dog that strays.

Never chain your dog; that is not necessary. Teach him his proper place and make him obey you upon gesture or word, and he will not overstep his lines. Treat him like a brother, give him food and cool water regularly and be kind to him at all times and you will have a noble animal.

IN HIGHEST COURT

Boycott Hearing Comes to Sudden End in U. S. Supreme Court.

BULLETIN.

Washington, Jan. 27.—The "boycott" case of the Bucks Stove & Range Co., of St. Louis, against the American Federation of Labor today came to a dramatic close in the supreme court of the United States, which decided it was a moot question, and one that it would not hear.

The court in the "boycott" case concluded nothing substantial was left to be decided, when attorneys on both sides informed the court that an agreement had been entered into between the company and the Federation for the settlement of their disputes.

The court proceeded to hear arguments on the "contempt" case which arose out of the "boycott" case.

Washington, Jan. 27.—One of the most spectacular legal battles ever waged between capital and organized labor reached its final stages today when the supreme court of the United States took up for oral argument the famous litigation by the Bucks Stove & Range Co., of St. Louis, Mo., against the American Federation of Labor.

The contending forces started their fight to determine the legality of the "boycott." That was in the supreme court of the District of Columbia. But today, when the contest was renewed before the supreme court of the United States, the main issue had been crowded out of the limelight by an incidental one. Now, the burning issue is whether the principal officials of the American Federation of Labor are to go to jail on charges of contempt of court.

Leaders in Court.

The opening argument was made more spectacular than usual by the presence in the court room of several officials of the American Federation of Labor. Among these were President Samuel Gompers, Vice President John Mitchell, Secretary Frank Morrison, all under sentence to jail as an outcome of the controversy in the lower courts.

Because they failed to obey the injunction issued by the District supreme court in the original case, Samuel Gompers, president of the federation, is under sentence to serve 12 months in jail; John Mitchell, vice president of the federation, to serve nine months, and Frank Morrison, its secretary, to serve six months.

Fighting for the American Federation of Labor and its officials are Alton B. Parker, former Democratic presidential candidate; Jackson H. Ralston, Frederick L. Siddons, William E. Richardson and John T. Walker. Opposed to them as the representatives of the Bucks Stove & Range Co. are Daniel Davenport and J. J. Darlington.

Did Immense Business.

The Bucks Stove & Range Co. was selling stoves and ranges throughout the United States at the time the suit began. It was doing a business of $1,250,000 a year. It complained that the American Federation of Labor and its members were conspiring to ruin its business by means of a boycott. The court was asked to grant an injunction against a continuation of the efforts and particularly to restrain the American Federation of Labor from printing in its official organ, the American Federationist, the name of the company as being on the "We-don't-patronize-list.". The opposition of the federation was alleged to be due to a strike of metal polishers in the shops of the company.

Injunction Issued.

The supreme court of the District of Columbia issued the injunction. The court of appeals of the District modified the decree in several ways, the principal modification being based on the holding that the injunction against the publication of the company's name on the "We-don't-patronize-list" should be effective only when the publication was "in furtherance of such a boycott." In so doing, it is contended that the lower court made a distinction between a boycott of the company by the members of organized labor and a boycott of the members against the company's customers who refused to stop pany's customers who refused to stop dealing with the company. It is urged that only the second kind of boycott was held illegal.

Both sides appealed from this decision. The manufacturing company believed that it did not go far enough, and the defendants took the position that it went too far.

Claim Right to Combine.

The attorneys for the American Federation of Labor contend that each one of the defendants had a right to refuse to patronize those who dealt with the stove and range company and therefore they could combine in refusing. It is said that what was lawful for one was lawful when done in combination. This position is attacked as being opposed to the liberty to dispose of one's goods and as being contrary to the decisions of all the states of the union. The lower court was divided on the point.

For the American Federation of Labor, it is argued that to prohibit the publication of the "We-don't-patronize-list" would be an interference with constitutional rights and the freedom of the press. On the other hand it is contended that even a constitutional right may be so used as to be made a part of a conspiracy prohibited by law.

Hold Business Is Not Property.

Still further, it is argued that business is not property nor a property right, but rather a mere abstraction incapable of judicial protection. This proposition is opposed also.

Before the injunction of the original court had been passed on by the higher court, the Bucks Stove & Range Co. complained that President Gompers, Vice President Mitchell and Secretary Morrison had violated its provisions by commenting publicly on the effect of the injunction. They were brought into court and held to be in contempt. Now it is argued in their behalf that the lower court had not issued a valid injunction and that they could not be punished therefore for disobeying it. That it was not a proper injunction is shown, it is argued, by the fact that the higher court modified it.

MISSING HEIRESS SEEN

Carsonville Wire Says Girl Answering Description Was There Tuesday.

New York, Jan. 30.—That a girl answering the description of Miss Dorothy Arnold, the missing daughter of the perfumery importer, had registered at a hotel in Carsonville, Mich., last Tuesday, was the new clue in the disappearance mystery today. A dispatch from Carsonville says the young woman arrived in Carsonville from Detroit and remained in her room during the afternoon, leaving the town at night. Her destination could not be learned.

In giving out the "inside story" of the search for Miss Arnold, John S. Keith, legal representative of the family, said last night that four young men, friends of the girl, had been cross-examined. One of these young men, George S. Griscom, Jr., of Pittsburg, was traced to various cities in Europe.

To find young Griscom and to ask him squarely if he knew anything of the girl's whereabouts was the real reason why John W. Arnold, Dorothy's brother, went to Europe. Griscom, who is a relative of Lloyd S. Griscom, former ambassador to Italy, satisfied the family that he knew nothing of Dorothy and why she had left her home December 12.

Disposes of "Man Theory."

In his statement, Keith disposed of the "man theory," the "suicide theory" and the "family quarrel theory." In the last two weeks the police and the New York newspapers have been hinting that there was "something back" of Dorothy Arnold's disappearance.

One story was that she had gone abroad to meet a sweetheart, and another that the girl's mother had left home because of a furious family row, an intimation being that Dorothy had resolved to lose herself rather than live under the same roof with her father, sisters and brother.

To meet these rumors and insinuations the Arnold family resolved to tell in detail just what had been done in the search for the girl and particularly what part Griscom had played in this amazing case.

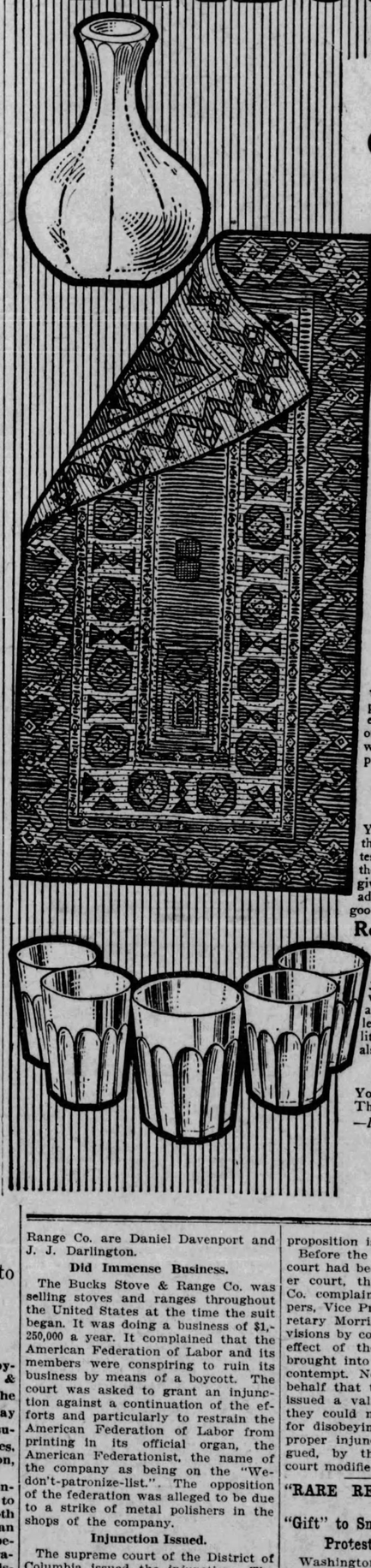
Keith said nothing was withheld, and that no member of the Arnold family, their lawyers or any of the detectives working on the case have the remotest idea as to a single movement of Miss Arnold since she left Brentano's store on the afternoon of December 12.

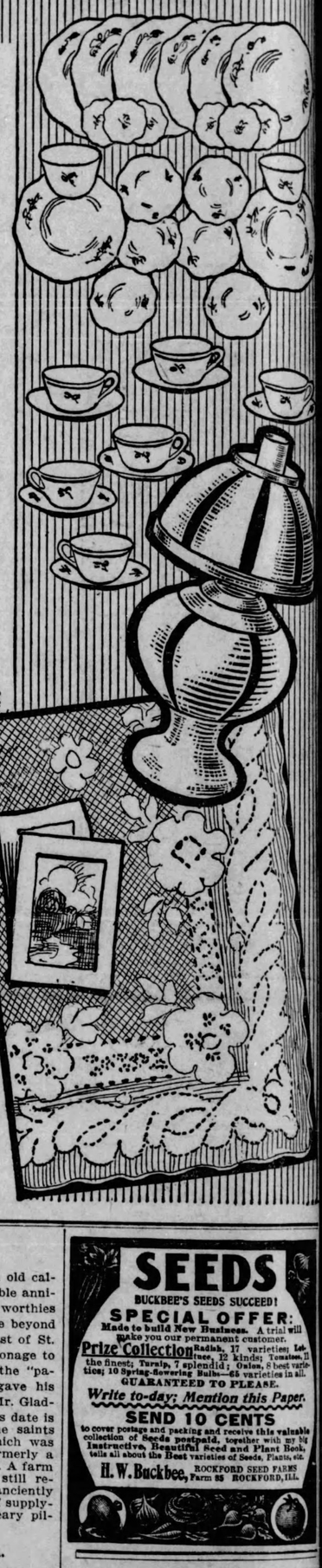
Men Prove Innocence.

"At the very start," said Keith, "I wish to set straight for once and all the connection—if you call it such—of George S. Griscom with this unfortunate case. Miss Dorothy was acquainted with George S. Griscom, Jr., of Pittsburg. There is no doubt about that. She knew him just as she knew many other young men whom she had numbered among her friends.

"Besides Griscom we investigated—I don't like that word investigate very much—I think 'looked up' might be a bit better—the friendship of three other men friends of Miss Arnold. These four were the only ones whose acquaintance with Miss Dorothy we considered worth investigating, and in each case the man was able to prove his absolute innocence of any knowledge of her disappearance, or of her present whereabouts, is she is still alive."

44 Magnificent Prizes—ALL FREE





Here, Ladies, is a Genuinely Wonderful Offer

This important announcement proclaims to every reader of this magazine how very easily you may win these 44 splendid *free* prizes—not just *one* but *all 44 of them.* Isn't this the most generous prize offer *ever put on record?* And I *mean* exactly what I *say. Everybody gets a prize—no one disappointed.*

You Get the Prizes Promptly No Long Waiting

Without needing any money—without obligating yourself or taking the least risk—a live, hustling woman can win these prizes with but little effort and be using them by the end of next week. And look what prizes they are—*every one a treasure.*

34-Pc. Dinner Set
1 Night Lamp
2 Lace Curtains
1 Water Bottle
6 Goblets

44 superb prizes in all—and remember, *all free.*

Read Mayor Williams' Wife Letter

Ripley, Ohio, Sept 3 1910.

Mr. W. G. Davis, Supt., Chicago, Ill.
Dear Mr. Davis:
Thanks for your prizes. They are beautiful. The dishes, the seven-piece glass set, the curtains and rug all exceed my expectations. Good wishes to you and your good company.
★ Mrs. L. Vern Williams.

★Mrs. Williams is the wife of the Hon. L. Vern Williams, present Mayor of Ripley, Ohio. Cultured and refined people everywhere appreciate our beautiful premiums and our offer. We have hundreds of similar letters from the wives of judges, chiefs of police, aldermen and other prominent people.

Two Prizes Just for Starting

You read what a well-to-do, refined woman thinks of these prizes. Then too, I have on file thousands of other testimonials. But, while I have *"made good"* with all these other people, simply to prove my sincerity to you, I'll give you two of these prizes as soon as you answer this advertisement, just for investigating my wonderful offer in good faith.

Read Here How to Enter Your Name—Then Act at Once

To read this and then not enter your name is simply wasting *your* time—you gain nothing. So sit right down now, and write me—"I want those 44 free prizes" and sign your name and address. By return mail, you will receive my confidential letter explaining how easily you can earn these presents for a little pleasant effort in your spare time. And remember, you will also receive the *first prizes,* at once—*Free.*

Write Me Today—*Now*

You realize—don't you—what a great chance this is, for you? Then accept this grand, free offer to-day. Write me that letter, —*NOW.*

W. G. DAVIS, *Mgr. Dept. 701*

107-111 S. Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.

"RARE RELICS" ONLY DEBRIS

"Gift" to Smithsonian Institution a Protest at Dirty Streets.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 26.—When the district commission yesterday received a letter from Charles H. Sonborger, of 908 Sheridan street, offering the city a collection of rare relics, which had cost the doner much time and considerable expense, they began to consider whether the Smithsonian institution could be induced to give space to the exhibits. Investigation eventually revealed the fact that Sonborger's donation consisted of an incomparable amount of tomato cans, condensed milk cans, old lamp chimneys and sweepings from the parlor and kitchen, interspersed with newspapers and comic sheets. Finally it occurred to the commissioners that Sonborger was complaining against the street cleaning department.

SENIORS BAR DOLLAR GOWNS

Pittsburg, Jan. 30. — Graduation gowns to cost not more than one dollar each are to be popular among teachers and parents in Pittsburg the coming June. Hundreds of young women are in tears, however, over the stand taken by the parents and principals, and many warmly declare that they will not try to pass the examinations for graduation if they cannot wear something better than a "cheap old dollar dress."

British Saints.

Westminster Gazette.

December 1 appears from old calendars to have been a notable anniversary for Cambro-British worthies about whom we know little beyond their names. It is the Feast of St. Deinial, an interesting personage to all Liberals, because he is the "patron" of Hawarden and gave his name to the library which Mr. Gladstone established there. This date is also the "memorial" of the saints of the Isle of Bardsey, which was the Iona of Wales, and formerly a favorite place of pilgrimage. A farm on the opposite mainland still remains tithe free because anciently charged with the expense of supply-rest and refreshment to weary pilgrims bound for Bardsey.

Mountains and Men.

Superior Telegram.

Miss Annie S. Peck, the distinguished scholar and mountain climber, described in one of her addresses in Boston on mountaineering the strange effect that mountains have on some men.

"In a word," she said, "it is an effect of mendacity. Thus, in a Boston club one mountaineer said to another.

"'So, Smith, fat Smith, actually climbed Mont Blanc?'

"'Smith? Not he,' the other mountaineer replied.

"'But he said he did.'

"'True, but in September, on his return from Chamonix, he only said he'd been to the foot of Mont Blanc. Since then he's actually lied himself all the way up to the top.'"

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DUPONT SENT BACK TO SENATE

Delaware Republican Legislators Solid in Support.

Dover, Del., Jan. 25.—Henry A. Dupont was re-elected United States senator without Republican opposition on the first ballot taken in joint session by the Delaware legislature at noon today.

State Senator Drexler again voted for Robert G. Houston, but seeing that all the other Republican members voted for Senator Dupont he changed his vote from Houston to Dupont before the result was announced.

The vote was: Henry A. Dupont (Rep.), 31; Willard Saulsbury (Dem.), 21.

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Send me two 2c stamps and I'll send you 10 Fine Easter Post cards and tell you about my big SURPRISE.

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Start NOW —I'll Show You How You Can Easily Make $25 Per Week At Home

Now is just the time—start this easy work at home in your spare time—you'll soon be wanting to run your loom all the time—for the very easy profits. I will tell you how you can make your time most profitable—how you can engage in a delightful and fascinating occupation in your own home, that will not interfere with your other duties and assure you big profits for as much or as little time as you may be able to devote to it. I promise that you'll be interested. I say, and I know that every word I say is true, that you can make more money and make it more easily by weaving on a Newcomb Automatic Loom than at any other kind of home employment. My 20 years' experience with others and their letters proves what you can do.

THE NEWCOMB AUTOMATIC LOOM

is made especially for home workers. Unlike any other loom, it practically works itself. A simple movement of the hand is all it requires of the operator. No treading—no stooping—no subtle throwing. Just the easy work that thousands of old and young are making big money at today—at home.

No experience is necessary. You will be delighted with the ease with which you can make the finest and most durable carpets, rugs, mats, draperies of every kind, and even beautiful portieres, chenille curtains and hammocks.

Bear in mind also, that no cash outlay for supplies is required. Old carpets, sacks, cast-off clothing and rags all furnish material for the loom. And the results you get with such material are simply wonderful. You can be sure when you own a Newcomb, that you will have more than enough work to keep you busy. Many of our customers make from $25 to $30 a week weaving with the Newcomb, and you can do likewise.

Do not neglect this opportunity. Write me today for my free catalog, "Weaving Wisdom," which tells all about our looms and the extremely reasonable terms on which you can obtain one of them.

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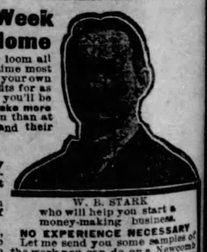
"Made over 11,000 yards of carpet on my loom in spare time the past three years," writes Mrs. Sadie E. Taggart, Waukomis, Okla. "I never weave a day that I don't make 20 yards and I do my own housework. I weigh only 115 pounds—don't tire of weaving. Loom as good an investment as an 80-acre farm."



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W. B. STARK, Sec'y, NEWCOMB LOOM CO., 51 Taylor St., Davenport, Iowa.